The Slate!®

ISSUE No.25 JUNE 2003 FREE

GAME ON!

TV Tycoons go mad for Special Olympics

Mickey Joe back to reality after Euro Shame

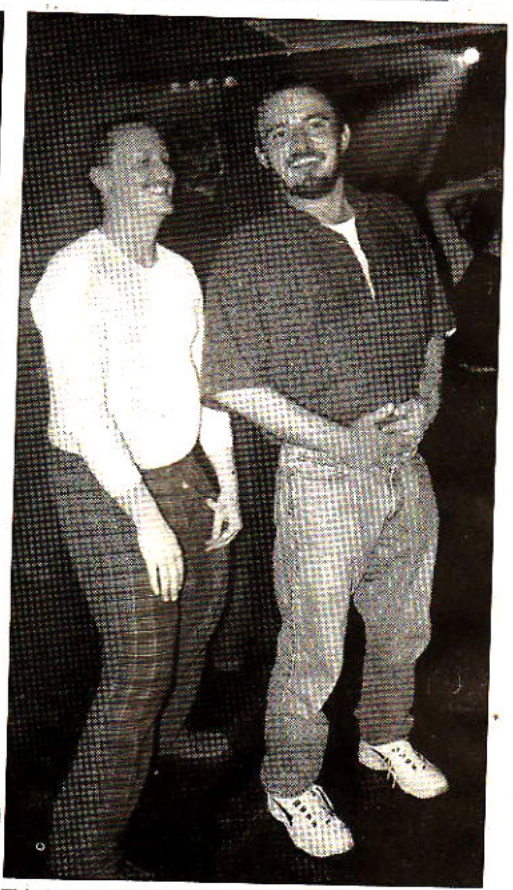
kick the cat

25 *Saturday*

(330-36)

WEEK 47

Rufus Goodbody, the world solo kissing champion, gives a free demonstration.



This is me, before and after I lost 14lbs with Geri's get fit video.

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Issue No. 25 June 2003

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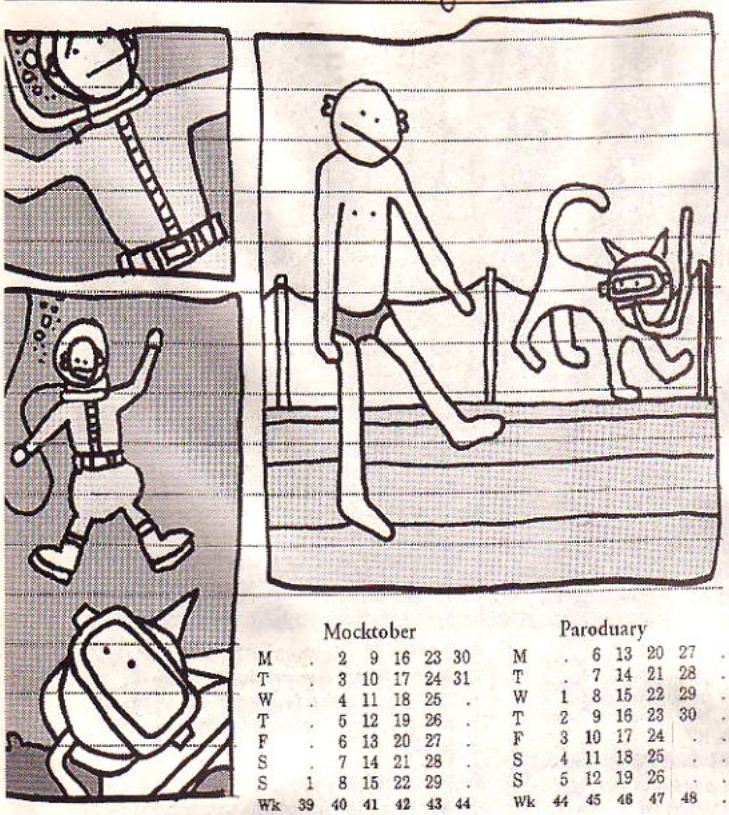
jar beattie



Mocktober

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Wk	39	40	41	42	43	44

Paroduary

M	.	6	13	20	27	.
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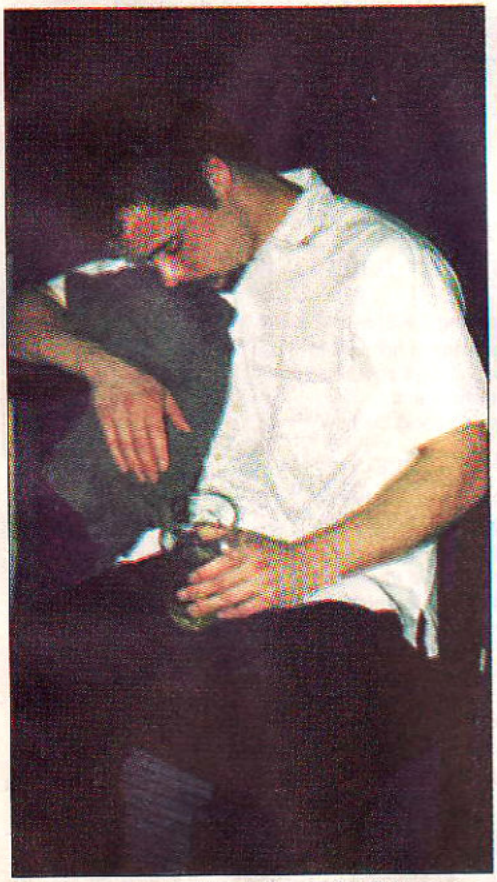
W	1	8	15	22	29	.
T	2	9	16	23	30	.
F	3	10	17	24	.	.
S	4	11	18	25	.	.
S	5	12	19	26	.	.
Wk	44	45	46	47	48	.

Sexy Subscriptions

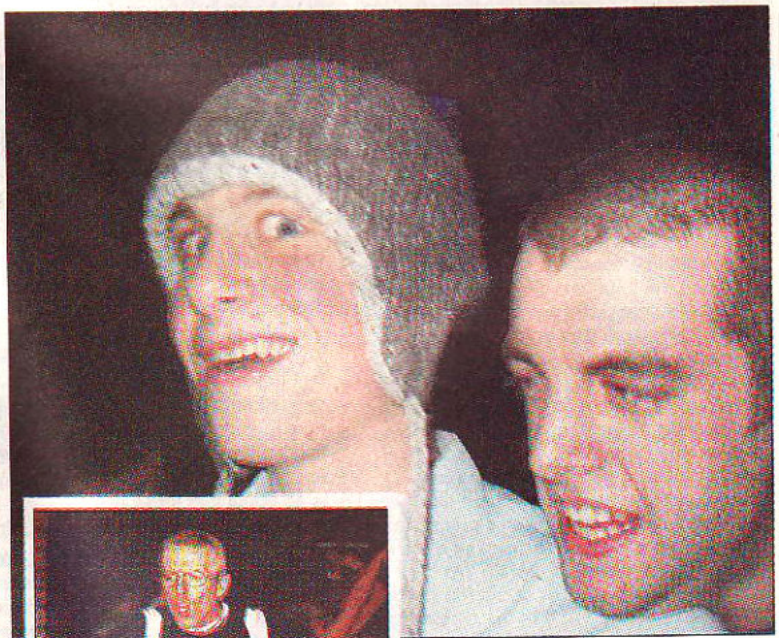
Last month's competition was an outrageous success. Loads of people left messages on the answering maching telling us that PJ Stone is a fucking bollox, but only one person had the brains to leave a contact number. The rest of you are stupid twats. Anyway this month it's much better: instead of shouting about PJ into the blower, the first person to kill him gets a lifetime's worth of free mags.

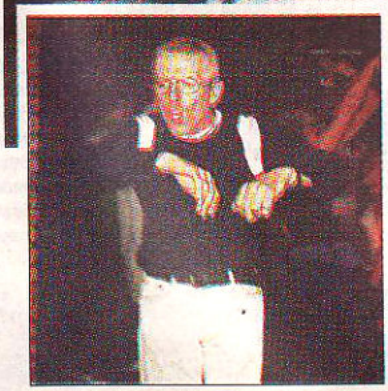
Or you can pay - the prices are as follows: Ireland €23
Europe €28
Everywhere else €33

Send a cheque or a postal order with your name and address to The Slate, PO Box 8907, Dublin 2. Give us an email address too.



Two days waiting in Tallaght Hospital with a urine sample





The invisible bouncers remove the not so invisible man

Just when Padraig thought his trip to the big city couldn't get any better, a Garda appeared and told him he was getting a cavity search with no hands. They don't have magic tricks like that in Leitrim

Sindo Spas Appalled by the Ball

Trinners bash too boozy for hip young journalists

THE TRINITY Ball is well known as a spot where people consume too much drink and drugs and end up riding each other behind wheelie bins. Well known to everyone, it seems, except the Sunday Independent, who sent their crack squad of youth representatives - the '03 Crew' - to cover it this year. Selected from the top drawer of cutting edge socialites, these guys are the benchmark of young cool. They know exactly what is going on around town.

No wonder they had a shite time - look at the fucking state of them

"The 03 Team went to the Trinity Ball in search of old-style chivalry and the romantic dream," they wrote. "But found that found Dublin's most exclusive social event was no better than a boozy brawl".

Apparently, these deluded fools had gone along expecting hot ports, polite conversation and a horse and carriage ride to Lord Henry Mountcharles' private pad afterwards.

"I should have stayed home and watched the Late Late Show," said Sonia Harris, an ugly brute who's disgusting dress made sure that not even a passing tramp would have pissed on her. "The event is not so much a ball as an excuse for young students to get twisted and make fools of themselves." she whined.

Even more appalled was Nadia El Mahi, some stuck-up cow from France who sounds like a great laugh. "I felt like I was outside a nightclub at three o'clock in the morning when I saw the drunken state of so many of the people there". Yes, that's it. Where was the butler in the top hat to take her coat and put it in the cloakroom? Why wasn't there a handsome gentleman at hand to whisk her away and take her ballroom dancing?

Kudos to the Sunday Independent for this great piece of zeitgeist reportage.

NOVEL NIGHTLIFE SPORT HITS DUBLIN

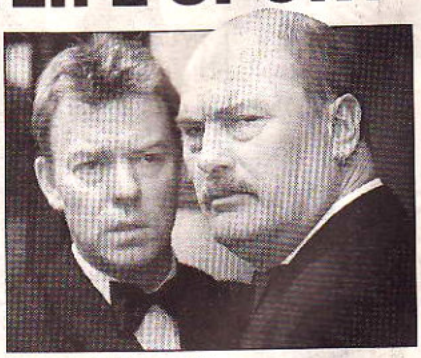
Get the upper hand on moron doormen with Bouncer Baiting - an exclusive new game from The Slate

"Are you on your own?" may seem like a very stupid question to be asked when there is nobody standing within 200 yards of you, but it's one that members of the Dublin's clever bouncer community often favour when vetting punters. The only reasonable response to such idiocy is a box on the nose, but usually this is not a wise course of action when faced with somebody twice your size and half your mental capacity. Instead, a cutting reply is often the best idea, particularly if you are not too bothered about getting into whatever kip the ape-man is working for. Here are some examples of Bouncer Baiting:

No runners
I'd offer you mine, but I doubt they'd fit

Just the two of you is it?
Actually there's 30 of us on a stag night, but we decided to come in pairs and hide our fake tits in our bags so you'd let us in.

Where are you coming from?
The other door. Some prick there turned me away.



Are you gettin smart?

For men and lesbians
Are you on your own?
No, I'm with my anorexic girlfriend, but she's turned sideways at the moment.

Sorry regulars only.
I've had six stools today, is that enough?

For getting into Buskers in Temple Bar
Have you had a few drinks?
It's 12.30 on a Saturday night. I'm trying to get into Buskers. Obviously, I'm completely shitfaced.

Are you drinking tonight?
No, but I've a fist full of pills and a good bit of smack to get down me once I'm inside

Sorry folks, are you members?
No way - this place is a shithole.

Nazi Rock n Roll

'White music for White people' is the proud motto of Ketzer - Ireland's only National Socialist Black Metal band.

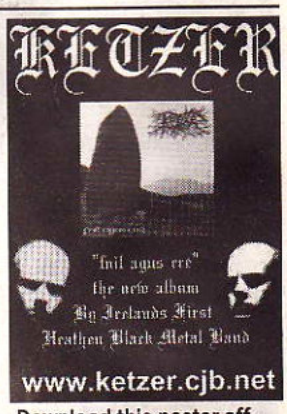
The group was formed in a scenario of high drama when "two like-minded people saw that Ireland no, the world needed another band of warriors to add to the legions fighting the war". What war exactly is unclear, but there is no doubt that these two madmen - Draodoir and Gottlos - are firmly committed to winning it.

You can find out more about the band on www.ketzer.cjb.net, where three bold statements greet visitors to the site:

- "We are the Wolves that Roam among the Sheep"
- "An unrelenting homage to the Glorious days past of Battle, Honour and Paganism. Behold the new dawn"
- And, "The Promo Pics did not turn out well. We will be Doing New and Better ones"

Unfortunately this epic tone is not maintained throughout the website. Like Globalise Resistance (Ketzer's enemies on the left - see last month's issue), the financial realities of web development have forced the boys to dilute their message. Alongside the pagan doom and entreaties to keep Ireland white, their site carries a jolly little banner advertising the chance to win "free trips to the Caribbean" - probably not the first port of call for holidaying skinheads.

Band profile: Ketzer are set for the big time baby



Download this poster off the lads' website

June Japes

Cowparade June - September

Failed artist-types make cow models and parade them around the country - the kind of behaviour that would usually get you run out of town or hung in the village square. For some reason we have to put up with it all summer, in the name of charity apparently. (www.cowparade.net)

G8 Summit June 1 - 3

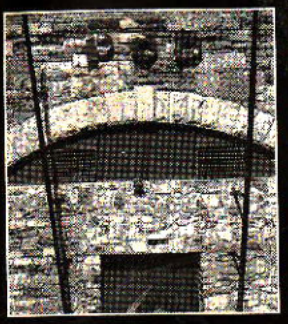
The industrial nations meet in Evian, France. Will the anarchists be getting into that suicide bomber vibe which is so popular these days? Will the G8 boys do business with African countries in return for the reintroduction of apartheid? It's all up for grabs.

Pod Goes Gay Again

Back to basics as John Reynolds adopts 'straight-friendly' policy

IRELAND'S miserable gay scene will soon have a grand total of two night-clubs to its name, with the Pod set to join the George in the race for pink booty. The Harcourt St. venue already plays host to Ham - Dublin's longest-running queer club - and the promoters of this Friday night homo fest will soon be in charge of Thursdays and Saturdays as well.

When it first opened, the Pod quickly club built up a reputation for being filled with glamorous wankers - due in no small part to a flambuoyantly queer contingent who were in regular attendance. The last few years has seen the venue lose its identity pretty drastically, and the official line is that this latest change is merely a case of getting back to basics. However there is more than a hint of "if all else fails - get the gays in" (a la Gubu on Capel St.)



Access All Areas

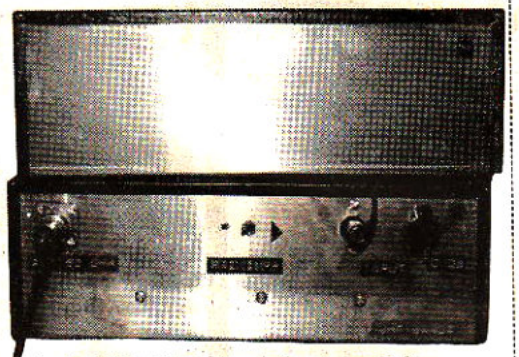
Broadcast Blackout

Is Spin FM behind this kick in the teeth for pirate radio?

ILLEGAL DUBLIN radio was completely fucked up last month during an almost unprecedented crackdown on unlicensed broadcasting. Over the course of a two-day blitz, the pirates' mountain transmission sites were raided by cops and agents of the Communications Regulator (ComReg).

Equipment was seized and some station owners now face prosecution. Of the stations that weren't physically shut down, almost all went off air as a precautionary measure, leaving music fans at the mercy of the commercial pissheap that is Dublin licensed radio (see p.7).

Conspiracy theories started doing the rounds immediately, with the most popular one alleging that failed licensed station Spin FM was behind this Night of the Long Knives. The reckoning was that Spin tried to blame their disastrous 2% audience figures on the pirates stealing all their listeners (nothing to do with halfwit DJs and music that wouldn't sound out of place on the Lyrics Board of course).



Look at this lethal piece of equipment. It must be seized immediately.

ComReg deny that Spin had anything to do with the crackdown. Instead it was all done to save us from brutal aircraft carnage. "Pirate radio stations randomly and willy-nilly take up space on the radio spectrum," said their spokeswoman. "That can interfere with the emergency services signals and particularly air traffic safety."

However, this is utter bollocks, as only a tiny fraction of pirate radio signals ever stray into the high frequency bands used by air traffic controllers.

The reality is that commercial stations pay the Government a bung in the form of their broadcast license fee, and the authorities return the compliment by crushing the competition.

To play Shitface, simply cut out Bertie's face and place it in a toilet bowl - either at home or in a pub or club around town.

More Yuppie Hell for Dublin 2

THERE ARE as many awful, slick, pretentious clubs and bars in Dublin as there are used condoms in the Liffey. But that doesn't stop flashy entrepreneur twats getting a massive erection every time they think of an idea for yet another dull, overpriced shithole.

The latest of these is wannabe playboy John 'I'm six foot four' Foley. He's the genius behind Cocoon in the Royal Hibernian Way, the favoured watering hole of Dublin's hairdressers and gold diggers, and O'Reilly's bar under Tara St. station.

Business Ace John Foley

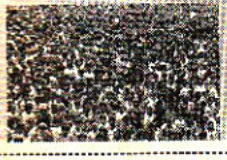
Not satisfied with these previous achievements, Foley is keen to join the ranks of Robbie Fox (Renard's) and Dave Egan (Lillie's Bordello) by opening up his own super cool nightclub.

The hip new venue is to be christened 'Mint' (a name which supposedly conjures images of both "money and coolness", but inevitably just sounds retarded) and is set to open later this year, located right next to sister venue Cocoon.

Foley is aiming to attract a "young, urban, sophisticated and affluent clientele" and wants every aspect of the club to be produced in the best possible taste. So expect to see lots of low lighting, posh wooden paneling, and expensive leather couches for all the old slappers to plonk their dirty holes on.

Mini Marathon June 2

Our women get out there and do us proud by walking slowly around town in unflattering outfits, stopping in the pub for gin and tonics and holding up traffic. Charity has a lot to answer for this month.



Anti-Drugs Day (USA) June 5

Today is International Day Against Drug Abuse & Trafficking - which means that America is celebrating the millions of dollars they waste every year trying to fight narcotics. As any J1 student will tell you, it's easier to get crack than booze in the States, so it's clearly going very well for them.

PROPER ORDER!

Justive Adolf McCracken reflects on a most fortunate development

A SOCIAL disaster of epic proportions was narrowly averted last month. It all started when that gombeen Fianna Failer Noel Dempsey decided he would start charging the top members of society for their children's third level education.

What was this depraved moron thinking?

Victimising the offspring of high earners is the kind of state-sponsored lunacy you would get in Communist China.

These are the high-fliers of the future - tomorrow's solicitors, bankers, and captains of industry. They are the ones that need education to speed their progress to the top of the food chain.

This Dempsey said that the money raised would be spent on improving access to college for people from 'disadvantaged' areas.

I'll tell you something Minister - I have better things to be wasting my money on than an education for some loser whose life is going nowhere. So what if the plumber can't speak French? Who cares if the drug addict that robs my mobile phone doesn't know enough about numbers to use it?

For some people, ignorance is bliss, and I'm damned if this Dempsey chancer thinks he's taking my villa away to disturb that state.

For the rest of us, proper training is needed so that we can keep up the good work of making money for ourselves and for Ireland.

Thankfully the crisis was resolved when the PDs reminded Fianna Fail that their job is to protect the interests of the rich at all times.

Proof that these unjust proposals would ruin the country came from the student leadership - who can always be relied upon to avert unnecessary social change.

That Colm Jordan chap made a lot of bluster and said that he couldn't be "responsible for what the students will do," if fees were brought in. Laughable and all as the idea of students doing anything is, at least his misguided enthusiasm was aimed in the right direction.

Proper Order!

Wives For Sale

AFTER THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF DUBLIN-BORN BRIAN MACCABA ALLEGEDLY OFFERING AN ACQUAINTANCE 1MILLION POUNDS FOR HIS WIFE, A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT MEN CONTACTED US TO PUT THEIR SPOUSES UP FOR SALE.

DISHY DANA

Obedient wife on sale, has only been used to do shopping, win Eurovision and spread the word of God throughout the country via insane presidential campaign. Will give a friendly, harmless veneer to anything, even Justin Barrett-like political views.

MAD MIRIAM

On the market due to pressure from current girlfriend. Discreet transaction vital, no time wasters, members of the press or non-Dub fans.

DIRTY DARINA

Celebrity-chef spouse for sale, has own television show, publishing empire and relentlessly cheery demeanour no matter what the circumstances. Looking to trade for smaller, younger model.

HORNY HARNEY

Eye-catching minister available, owner emigrating for rest of life. Ready for viewing.

TARTY TWINK

Gorgeous antique, superb condition given age, kept in backstage area of Olympia theatre and only wheeled out once a year for Christmas panto.

KRAZY KARLA

Three careful, old-men owners including rock star Joe Elliot, ridden once or twice and returned to shop. Comes with recently serviced breasts and beautiful orange-tan paint job. First to see will buy.

Disregarding the brutal crisis that our country is fighting against underage drinking, some cynical Chilean wine peddlers have launched a product aimed directly at the vulnerable youth. Blatantly flouting Minister McDowell's sensible anti-booze measures, these chancers have called their booze 'Undurraga' which as we all know is Spanish for underage. It will be interepreted by wayward teens as an invitation to go on wild drink binges. Ban it now!

Join our Ideas Mailout

Help out with ideas and writing on The Slate. Send an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

Dublin Writers' Festival June 12-15

Caters largely for depressed homosexuals, alcoholic librarians, and psychotic women with literary ambitions. They'll be having talks all over town, frequently in the Project Arts Centre. Arrive in check trousers with a map of Dublin and ask repeatedly where the Book of Kells is.

Thanks be to Allah Day June 14

This is the anniversary of the creation of the United States Army - the one that has successfully rid the world of Al Qaeda and conquered Iraq, Afghanistan and hopefully all those other rogue Muslim nations who seem to be creeping out of the woodwork every day.

Block your ears - the radio is shit

GIRLS ALOUD: Why are these slappers never off the airwaves?

The pirate purge has left nothing but a narrow range of nonsense to listen to

THE RECENT crackdown on illegal radio was no doubt meant to redirect listeners to our great selection of licensed stations. Unfortunately all these commercial shitehouses seem to hammer out the same 10 dire pop songs on rotation all day.

Almost everything that goes on 98FM, FM104, 2FM and Today FM during the afternoon is dictated by a playlist, and the way these lists are chosen and implemented more or less guarantees zero musical diversity.

Playlists are divided into a number of different levels which determine how often each song goes on. At the top level you will find about 10 tracks from the likes of J-Lo, Justin Timberlake, Girls Aloud, etc. These songs will be aired at least four times a day - and usually a lot more, as anyone who has had to spend time in a car will know. As you go down through the different levels, the number of plays decreases dramatically - meaning that the vast majority of airtime is concentrated on around 20 songs.

Even this grin couldn't keep Dave on air

So how does an artist get onto these playlists? In the US, there is a handy system where a middle man (known as an indie) runs a type of bribery system through which the record companies pay the radio stations to get their artists on the air.

Over here we haven't even got that as an excuse for the cowardly music selection that ends up on our airwaves. The choices are made by shit for brains marketing executives who are petrified they will lose their jobs if someone's granny changes channel because she thought the music didn't sound enough like Al Jolson.

One such muppet - Dave Kelly, music director at FM 104 - exemplifies the bravery of his trade. "I would say a lot of your audience could turn off if they hear two unfamiliar tracks back to back," he told us. "One unfamiliar track, fair enough. You play two or three back to back and Joe Punter will turn off."

A disgruntled 2FM insider comes at the situation from a different angle. "If you look at Dublin's Top 40 by airtime, it's like a fucking wedding," he says. "You've got these guys sitting in radio land saying 'Oh, we shouldn't add that track because it's not in the Top 30.' But the singles chart in this country represents the purchasing power of the under-12s. Nobody else buys fucking singles. You only need to sell a thousand singles to have a Top 5 in Ireland. It's funny these radio stations trying to work out what their listeners want via these singles charts which are fucking worthless."

And, as he puts it, this approach has backfired in recent times. "Two years ago 2FM introduced a new evening schedule. Dave Fanning got his time cut and they introduced a bunch of new jocks who were going to play MTV music. Hits for the kids. And what happened to the figures? Tom (Dunne) and Donal (Dineen) went up, 2FM went down."

With any luck the pirates will be back on air before everyone has given up on music entirely.

Diversions Outdoor Film Series Starts June 14

This is a good idea which is often ruined by rainstorms and spectacular technical malfunctions. One time when the Slate was there the cinema reel went on fire and melted - honest to God. There's the added bonus of drunk people in the expensive restaurant on Meeting House Square (where the films are shown) who like talking loudly all the way through the screening.

SABOTAGE

14 Exchequer St.
Dublin 2

Guys Clothing Store

10% Student Discount
Monday/Tuesday/Wednesday

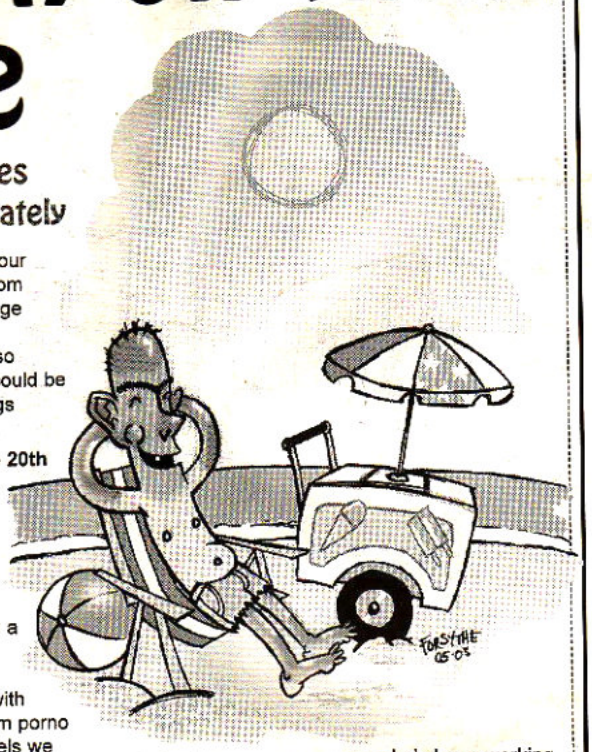
FREE military belt
with each pant purchased

25% Discount with
Sabotage store card

Restrictions apply

Royston on that J1 Vibe

Our Man in Amerikay touches down and gets busy immediately



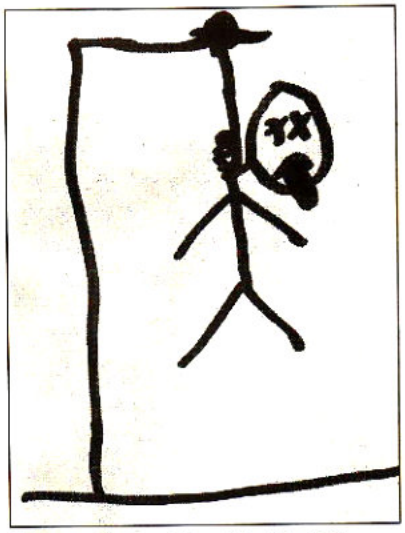
June 4th We just arrived in the US today and spent the whole afternoon struttin round New York looking for any burds who like it Leitrim-style. No success, as of yet, but we're off to Cape Cod tomorrow and by all accounts they have some mad bitches up there.

June 5th Spent the morning at an Orientation meeting in Columbio University. It was a bit of a disappointment in fairness. Some old hippy wagon gave a big speech about America being a great big cultural rollercoaster. Me and Jamesey relieved the boredom by writing our names in gob on the back of some cunt's jumper who was sitting in front of us. He never felt a thing. Off to Cape Cod on the overnight bus now. Should be magic.

June 15th We have ourselves sorted out with a feckin palace to live in - and there's only 23 lads sharing it, with 4 bedrooms to go around. The Offaly boys are in the next room to us and they seem all right, but some cunt from the Kerry room was seen taking our food from the fridge last night, so there could be bateings ahead.

June 20th The smell in the gaff is getting a bit tasty, what with all them porno channels we signed up for and the lack of a washing machine.

June 23rd Running a bit low on the old dough, so I was glad to score a job there yesterday. It's a grand number - selling ice cream down at the pier and slapping any birds who walk past on their arses. The boss is never around and Leo, a Mayo lad who's been working there for five years, is after showing me how to rob the place blind. Leo also passed on some handy advice on dealing with the natives: "Watch out for the niggers," he said. "Them's the only cunts that'll give you any trouble - apart from the Spics and the Chinks, but I'll explain that tomorrow".



This man is surely breaking the law

Time to ban Suicide before it catches on

Let's stamp out this social evil. It's wrecking the gaff.

According to the Samaritans website, Irish suicide rates are rocketing. Could this be because we legalised it in 1993? Yes, it could. In the UK, suicide was legalised in the 60s and topping oneself soon became all the rage.

Surely it's time to ban this selfish behaviour. It's bad for the economy.

In addition to criminalising suicide, a campaign against Marilyn Manson and/or rock music must be waged. Manson & co. are always on about death etc. The Irish Association of Suicidology (IAS) say that people who talk or think about suicide are most likely to kill themselves. So, when suicide and music have been banned, perhaps the IAS should be disbanded as well - they're a danger to themselves.

Fathers Day June 16

A poignant occasion when we remember the men who accidentally got our mothers pregnant.

Bloomsday June 16

The greatest day of the month - lots of people walk around thinking they're scholarly because they've got a book under their arm they don't understand and have bought a bar of over-priced lemon soap.

MANITOBA

3-4 Upper Fownes St.
Temple Bar
UPSTAIRS OVER FLIP

70s AND 80s VINTAGE TEE SHIRTS & TRANSFERS

We sell The Clash, ACDC, Ramones, Bowie, the A-Team, etc.

and hundreds more great transfers from back in the day

5 EURO DISCOUNT for SLATE READERS and ASYLUM SEEKERS!

IN SEARCH

Save up a few quid so you can go mad at these festivals

Here's the shit on the ones you've read about a million times already this year

Glastonbury
(www.glastonburyfestivals.co.uk)

Sprawling, sold-out event at which weather is vitally important. Unlike other big festivals in England, there is quite an anti-corporate feel to Glastonbury. This is enhanced by thousands of friendly hippy types who come along and sell hash cakes and herbal tea out of their tents for almost no money. It's held in Somerset, and the local cider is well worth adopting as your booze for the weekend. For non-hippies the music line-ups are excellent apart from the really shit headliners (Rod Stewart last year, Craig David and the Rolling Stones this year apparently). The small tents function as something of a freak show (with Lost Vagueness probably offering the maddest collection of them) and you can abuse Tony Benn in one this year.

Burning Man
(www.burningman.com)

Due to its huge scale and crazed atmosphere, this has gained worldwide acclaim without having spent a cent on marketing or advertising. It happens in the Nevada desert, so if you're not organised before you go, you'll fry during the day, freeze at night and would starve to death except people just give shit away the whole time. All of the entertainment, of which there is loads, is brought by the attendees - the organisers provide toilets and fuck all else.

Sonar
(www.sonar.es)

Held in Barcelona this is the premier geek festival in the world, drawing ponces with high ideas about electronic music who can't dance from all across the globe. There is a huge line-up of music, including acts as disparate as Hellfish, Fabio, Akufen and Oxide & Neutrino. Be warned - during the day there'll be at least one absolutely unlistenable act, complete with pseudo-intellectual twats telling you it's the future of music. There's plenty of up for it music at night though.

Glamorous Irish Festival-goers

Witnness
(www.witnness.com)

The only large scale Irish rock festival sees big acts, hordes of rampaging knackers and horrible toilet facilities. Still, most people seem hell bent on remembering as little as possible and if the weather holds it's not bad. Last year's event had a rather anarchic curtain drop when loads of mentallers set their tents on fire in the campsite on the Sunday night. There should be more of this kind of behaviour.

A respectable Foxrock couple lose the run of themselves at Burning Man

These are some of the madder festivals that you might want to look into.

Teknival
www.freetekno.org

This is an illegal travelling techno rave which sees large numbers of people assemble in different locations around Europe and get nutted for days. A Slate reader was at the first Teknival in 1994 outside Paris and had this to say: "It was the loudest thing I have ever heard. It was seven kilometres south of Paris and went on for a week. Needless to say sound systems from everywhere turned up and (there was) proper madness. There were about 15,000 people all banged up on Special K and anything else they could get their hands on. Pure insanity".

Unconfirmed, insane-sounding festival

Somebody mailed us in claiming the following: "Techno festival held on an old Oil tanker for two days, off the coast of bretagne, finistere is the county and you can but your tickets and ferry tickets in the Irish pub in the central square. Bring a lots of warm clothes as when theres a break or you're comming down its nice cause theres a load of waves and winds, lots of american birds there last year got so loved up five guys were donig them thru every oraface." If you find out more about this mail us at editor@theslate.ie

Fuck Witnness
ballyhoobaa@yahoo.co.uk

A couple of lads in a band were told to fuck themselves when they applied to play at Witnness this year. However, one of their mates lives a five-minute walk away from the Witnness venue and they're organising their own alternative mini festival after the Saturday night. There'll be two local bands (Billy No Mate and Jalopy) playing and they're promising a proper sound rig and stage set-up.

Oktoberfest
20 September - October 5
www.oktoberfest.de

As everyone knows, this is a wild beer drinking session the like of which would send our politicians into a coma of panic if it happened here. But luckily for them it's all in far-away Munich. Check out their site for more info, there's a handy English version.

Not a good idea

OF BEDLAM

Psychedelic Trance

Many of the maddest festivals this summer will be held by the 'Psy-Trance' movement. This is a collection of middle-class dropouts who gather together and talk gibberish to each other about the secrets of the cosmos until the drugs run out and they get chased away by the local authorities. An excitable hippy type sent us in some misty-eyed accounts of these events.

Our man recommended two of these festivals in particular. Both of them play fast, trippy, retro sounding music with lots of fancy lighting and bizarre visuals.

Midday Marauders

The Voov Experience

Open Air - Putlitz/Germany - August 8th - 10th.
www.voov-experience.de
Ticket Price: €30 presale, €35 at the door.

This apparently is the mother of all the legal psychedelic trance parties. Here we have some quotes from our correspondent. We assure you that they are not tampered with in any way - honest to God; this is what he said, word for word:

"The attitude is simply Love, Peace and Dance. The atmosphere is a celebration of coming together to communicate in new ways. A world where words are no longer needed and people truly connect as they dance into the rhythm of the cosmos.

"The music starts at 9pm Friday evening and continues non-stop until the following Monday morning. Liquid light shows trickle down the 100ft trees surrounding the dance floor. Fluoro landscapes including life size elves, mushrooms and dragons create a sense of other worldliness."

Samothraki Dance Festival

Seven Days of Music Art and Multicultural Technologies.
28th August - 3rd September 2003.
www.samothrakidance festival.com
Tickets: Presale €100 euro available from Druid's Circle psy-trance shop on Crowe St. At Door: €175

This festival runs for 7 days and 6 nights. You take an hour-long boat journey to the island of Samothraki from Alexandropoli in Northern Greece. We'll let our acid-loving correspondent explain the rest.

"Each night the music kicks off at about 9pm, ending at about 2pm the following day. The soundtrack is psychedelic trance and Samothraki boasts the most elaborate line-up of artists anywhere in the world.

"Laser light shows scorch the retina and help create a kind of inter-galactic trance-dance otherworld that brings people together to celebrate their nowness in an atmosphere of Peace, Dance and Psychedelics but above all Love. "The trance-floor décor and installations include 20ft wide fluoro windmills and a 60 ft pyramid houses the DJ stage."

Other Ones To Check Out

If you agree with any of these sentiments, you have probably taken LSD for breakfast and should check yourself into the nearest mental hospital. However, if you're just looking for a different festival experience, head off to one of the above. Alternatively, check out the following:

1. Brazil - Trancendance (near Alto Paradiso) Wed 9th July - Mon 14th July
www.solarflares.com

2. Portugal - Zambujeira 2003 Open Air 1st Aug - 3rd Aug. www.etnicanet.net & www.hip-nose.com

3. Croatia - Solartribe Dance Festival 12th -16th June 2003.
www.solartribedancefestival.westhost.com

4. Mexico. Sonpax Solstice Festival (near Can Cun) 21st June - Isla Blanca - www.son-pax.com

THINGS TO DO AT A FESTIVAL

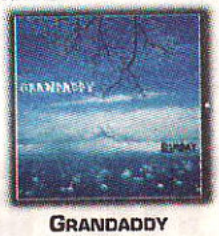
Go Tent Jumping This is a simple enough game: the campsite is your running track; the tents are your hurdles. For you and your friends it will all be hilarious. For any couples who have come back to their tent for a quickie, your knee crashing through the canvas will be a most unwelcome surprise.

Get a sunburn You are not a proper Irish person at a festival unless your skin has been turned into a red blistery mess. This is the look that will bring you most success with the opposite sex.

Vinegar If you're at a festival which has any kind of dance music, go to one of those dodgy burger vans at the end and nick the bottle of vinegar. If you're feeling particularly evil, empty it into a Ballygowan or some such vessel, but this is not essential. Then, find some madoutofit, congratulate him/ her on the intensity of their gurn and offer them some 'water'. Be sure to have your escape route planned.

new music

TINDERSTICKS
WAITING FOR THE MOON



GRANDADDY
SUMDAY

THE BLACK KEYS
THICKFREAKNESS

THE FRAMES
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HMV
top dog for music dvd games

OLE OLE OUR OWN OLYMPICS

ROLL UP! ROLL UP IT'S THE SPORTING EVENT OF THE YEAR!

ISN'T IT great that Ireland has been chosen as the host country for this important sporting occasion? But does everyone really know what the Special Olympics is all about? Well don't worry - The Slate is here to fill you in on all the important details.

One of the great things about the Special Olympics is that it takes place a good year before the real Olympics - and usually at a safe distance as well. That way, the specialness of the event is emphasised. It would not do, for example, for a spa to be spotted at the real Games, in amongst the finest specimens that the human race has to offer - an embarrassing comparison to say the least. And imagine if one of the greats - say Carl Lewis, Linford Christie or Michelle Smith - was skewered with a javelin thrown by some half-wit?

So first off we would like to say well done to the organisers for this logistical achievement.

The Ethos Of The Games

Look at this great little chap! As happy as Larry.

Higher, Faster Stronger is the motto of the real Olympics but in fairness we would probably end up with some serious injuries if that was adopted as a genuine aspiration for the Special Olympics. No - a more appropriate, less demanding slogan is needed for this great competition. At the moment, there are two possibilities, and we at The Slate want to hear your votes on the matter. The first option is: "Let me win, but if I cannot win, let me be brave in the attempt." The second, and our own personal favourite, is "I know I am not allowed be part of the real Olympics - this is the way it should be, and I am grateful that I wasn't aborted at birth." Let us know what do you think by emailing bishoppatbuckley@hotmail.com.

HEALTH ISSUES

LIKE ANY other disease, SARS is particularly common in people with disabilities. This fact has caused concern in some of the most learned parts of Ireland, like Clonmel. But now, The Slate can report, the Department of Health has released a statement clarifying their position:

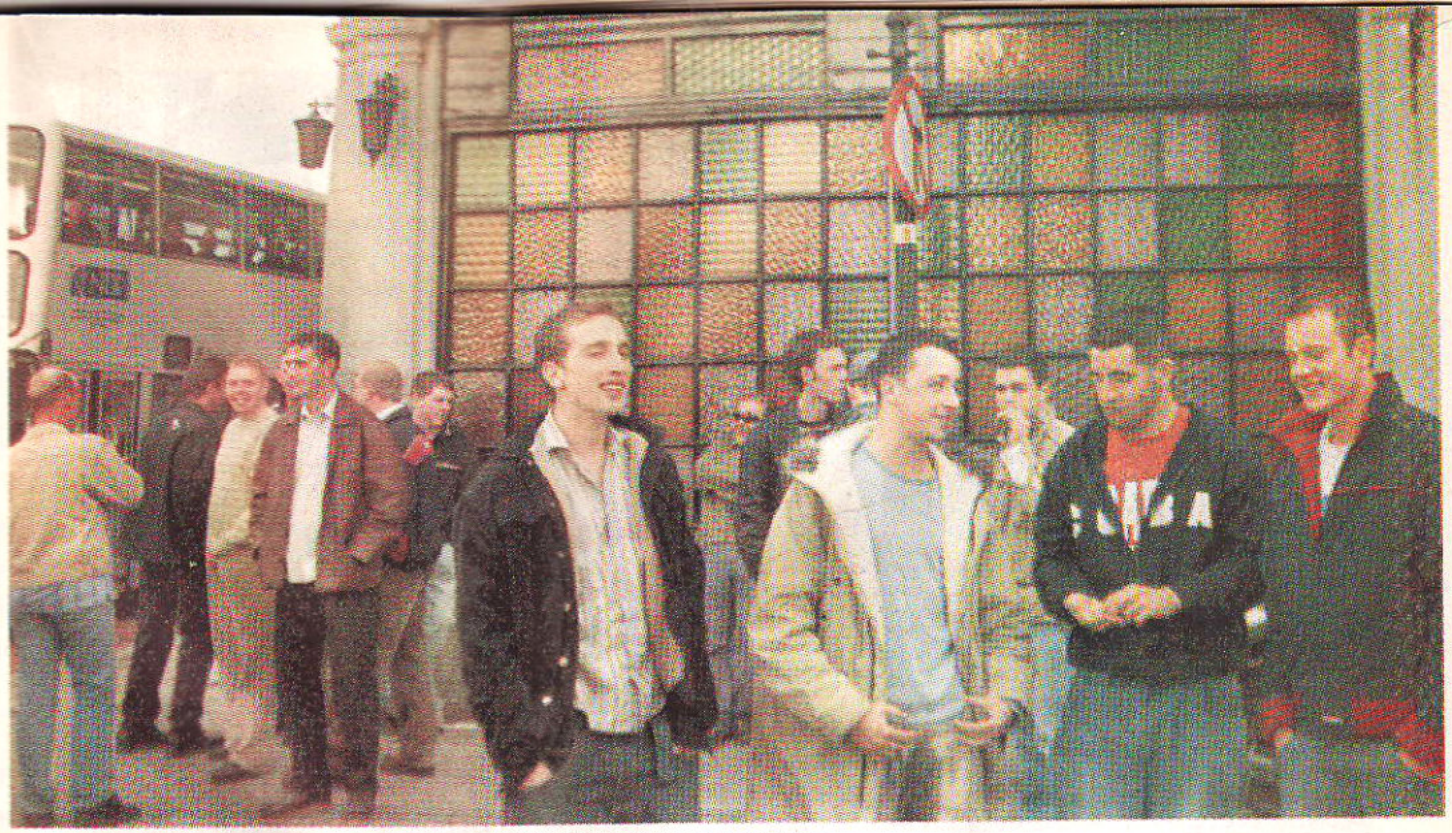
"We have no problem with spas coming to this country," it says. "God knows we have our fair share of them as it is. However, infected spas are another matter altogether. We cannot have them running loose in our towns, as they are mentally deficient and might start roaming the main streets frightening children, drooling germs into the water supply and not washing their hands after they go to the toilet. We must protect our citizens from the risk they pose."

On another health and safety matter, there have been fears that such a large influx of handicapped people could forever alter the Irish gene pool. On the plus side, this would turn us into the Brazil of the Special Olympics, but it would also render us completely useless at normal sports and leave the country floundering in the jobs market. However, we can now reveal that promises have been extracted from all the team managers that each of their athletes will be off home as soon as they have had their little race. Except, of course, our own proud participants, who will be sent back to the spa farms in Wexford and Offaly when they are finished.

Wall to Wall TV Coverage

RTE HAVE promised to show at least 10 minutes live coverage of the games every day. This will give everyone the chance to tune in for a while, say "Ah, God love them", and switch over to Crimewatch, Emmerdale, or some more interesting programme. A highlights package will then go out at 2am every morning, with Johnny Giles, Eamon Dunphy and Pat Spillane coming in after a night's drinking to share their thoughts on the day's action. However, Dunphy and Spillane have been warned that if they make any of their critical or sarcastic comments about the athletes' efforts or appearance, they will be replaced by Derek Davis and Joe Duffy who know what tone is required for this type of broadcasting.

Ian Brown - came first at Tambourine Shaking in the last Games



Saturday morning bus goes past as people wait for the Chancery to open. Grim.

EARLY HOUSE OF HORRORS

WE PROFILE THE DODGY SPOTS THAT SERVE BOOZE IN THE MORNING TIME

THE FIRST days of rave in Dublin are fondly remembered as a period when people from very diverse backgrounds were thrown into clubs together and seemed to get on reasonably well. Obviously it was only a matter of time before the stabbings and the snobbery set in, but for a while anyway, the shortage of clubs meant that anyone who wanted to take drugs and dance had to abandon their natural antipathy toward the alien classes for a few hours every weekend.

This principle of scarcity still applies to early houses. Socialising in Dublin normally involves attending some strictly regimented bar which has been carefully filled with its own particular type of tosser. Early houses, however, are populated according to a relatively simple logic - the thirst for drink at around 7 o'clock in the morning. As the rest of this feature will show, there are only a very small number of places that can slake this thirst.

The first batch of early licenses were handed out in 1960 and nobody else has been granted one since. Even among this initial wave of license holders, at least a third don't bother opening any earlier than a normal pub. And then, of the bars that do open early, most will only serve regulars or people who look like they aren't going to vomit all over the carpet as soon as they get inside.

The bottom line is, if you have been out all night ruining yourself, there is only a tiny handful of pubs that will give you a drink before 10.30am. And more or less all of them are filled with the kind of people who wouldn't be found near places like Renard's or Sosume unless they were plastering the walls or nicking a car off the owners.

This - and the fact that you and everyone like you there will possibly be suffering from drugged out exhaustion - means that being in an early house on a Saturday morning is an interesting experience. If you aren't too tired, and if the sun is shining outside, and if nobody gets killed while you are there, it can be exhilarating.

ETIQUETTE

Some guidelines to follow in the early house

1. Don't talk to anyone who has a plastic bag on the table in front of them. This could contain a gun, some heroin, a dead baby, or their soiled underpants - none of which you want to engage with at that stage of a night out.

2. Don't be the first to start dancing. There will almost always be some clueless West Brit who can take on this dangerous role instead.

3. Ignore anyone who points a needle at you in the jacks.

4. Rolling joints on the bar is not on.

5. Neither is doing lines.

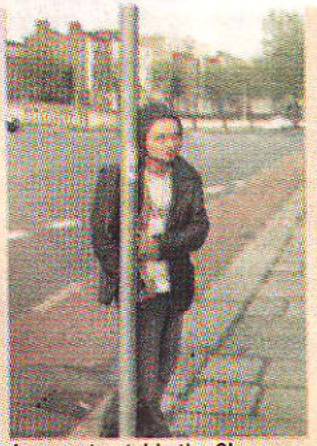
6. Don't ask for cocktails.

7. Dancing around in sunglasses may seem appropriate to your exhausted brain. Everyone else will be saying "that dickhead thinks he's George Michael".

8. Don't try to put on a Dublin accent. As is only proper, you will have your head kicked in if you pretend to be a local while talking about the oneness of life and gurning your head off.

9. Ladies especially, don't go to the toilet on the pavement outside the pub - even if you think you are hidden behind a car or your friend. It may seem like a festival atmosphere to you, but for everyone else, it's midday on a Saturday and they are heading into town to go shopping.

10. Don't get involved in a blood feud, even if the guy who has explained it to you seems to be 100% in the right.



Lampost outside the Chancery

DO GO TO:

The Chancery Inn
1 Inns Quay, D7
Opens: 7am

If you feel like a completely mad experience, then look no further than this lairy boozer. Unlike most other early houses, there are bouncers on the door, but judging from the people inside, you would probably have to be Mike Tyson or Johnny Adair to get turned away. The Chancery is the only early house that is usually full of madouvits, and is definitely not recommended for any night workers looking for a quiet pint at the end of a shift. Rammed to the gills and featuring a very decent juke box, this marks a bizarre turn for the concept of a disco bar. Dancing clubbers are surrounded by everyone from Ballyfermot lesbians on smack to locals sinking 10 quick ones before the day gets going.

Initial impressions might suggest exactly the opposite, but most people here are very friendly, with a remarkably high tolerance level for MDMA-inspired blather.

Although getting in seems to be alright even if you resemble a terrorist, looking so fucked you might die will do your cause no favours, so relax the jaw as you approach the door and try not to have your eyes rolling around in their sockets while talking to the bouncers. Another problem with gaining entry is the fact that this place fills up very quickly on a Saturday. If you arrive much later than 8.30, you will probably have to wait outside until a few people leave.

Tales from the Chancery's VIP section:

- Party Boy from Jackass dropping his pants and trying to get people to kiss his arse as well as dancing around on tables. Generally "going crazy" according to the barman.

- Shane MacGowan drinking "as if it was going out of fashion" (surprise surprise).

- Brendan O'Connor from Don't Feed The Gondolas "being a tit", not paying for drinks, and trying to make out he was more of a celeb than he was.

Thankfully though, famous nobs are almost never to be found in this place, and if you catch it on the right Saturday morning, it's the best boozing experience in Dublin.

The Windjammer
111 Townsend St., D2
Opens: 7.30am

With a name like the Windjammer, you might think that this is Dublin's only gay early house. And for one day a year - the morning after the Trinity Ball - you wouldn't be far wrong, as this is a traditional post-ball favourite for posh dicks in tuxedos. However, at the request of the cops, it was closed for this year's ball, reflecting a shift away from serious early morning messing at the Windjammer. We only found one group of all-nighters when we went there, and even though none of them looked particularly close to death, the barman was about to start refusing them drink. The door is generally locked until 10.30 on a Saturday morning, with staff using a CCTV camera to decide who they want to let in (this is quite a common technique amongst the quieter early houses). As a result, the customers are almost all friendly, alcoholic old codgers.

Very exciting photograph of the Claddagh Ring, just off Capel St.

The Widow Scallans
130 Pearse St., D2
Opens: 10am on a Saturday. 7am Monday to Friday

Another place with a camera outside so they can assess people's state. One barmaid told us that they started locking the doors early in the morning because people were "falling asleep and getting sick" after coming in from debs and all night parties. However they told us that, even if you have been out all night, once you don't look like you are going to cause trouble or vomit all over the place you should be ok. Well-known provo pub, so you might help your chances by genuflecting at the Bobby Sands mural outside and getting a 'Fuck Stakeknife' tattoo on the way there.

The Claddagh Ring
1-6 Green St., D7
Opens: 7am

Quite an untypical early house in that it is a grand big bright place that looks like it was refurbished quite recently. The barman looked like someone had pissed in his mouth when we asked if they served people who had been up all night. However, one group of long distance revellers seemed to be getting served with relative ease at the time. Definitely a strong majority of night workers amongst the clientele, who all gather around the bar and stare at anyone who comes in.

Heuston & Connolly Train Stations
Open: 7.30am

Very little reason to go to either of these crap places but, if you are completely desperate, there is alcohol to be had from the early hours. The only problem is that you need a 'main line' ticket for a train that day, and any attempts to buy booze without one will be rebuffed by the suspicious wenches who work there. The cheapest of these tickets is about €11. It is possible that you could use one ticket to buy drink for a group of people but, all in all, it seems like a lot of hassle to go drinking in somewhere with less atmosphere than an aluminium rabbit hutch.

Delaney's
83 North King St., D7
Opens: 7am

Not impossible to get into, but there are some no nonsense bouncers here who don't like being argued with. Plenty of dangerous-looking characters inside.

DON'T GO TO:

The Boar's Head
149 Capel St., D1
Opens: 7am

Nice pleasant place which you won't have even the slightest hope of getting into if you look "jarred at all". A lot of casino workers drink here after their long night shifts and a video camera is used to make sure that any knocks on the door from undesirables (i.e. you) are studiously ignored.

M. Hughes
19/20 Chancery St. D7
Opens: 7am

Good pub this for night time drinking, with some top class trad sessions on. However, the door is kept firmly locked on a Saturday morning, meaning it is a no-go zone for hyper-active revellers.

The Metro Bar
155 Parnell St., D1
Opens: 7am

Definitely not into the all night drinking crowd. Barman says they mainly serve night workers from the post office and building sites, although construction work in the dark seems like quite a hazardous thing to be doing.

Pearse Tavern
81 Pearse St., D2
Opens: 8am Mon-Fri, 10.30 Sat

They don't open early on a Saturday because there was "too much messing" when they did. The rest of the week, the barman decides whether or not to serve you depending on what state you're in.

Just what anyone would want to see down in their local

INTERNATIONAL EARLY HOUSES - EVEN MADDER

SAN FRANCISCO is home to the ultimate early house - both in terms of opening hours and lunacy. Located in a suitably dodgy part of the city, the Endup opens at 6am on both weekend mornings, running until 4pm on Saturdays and 6pm on Sundays.

Most of the time, the club is as gay as Christmas, with lots of leather clad carry-on that would probably lead to a shooting down in the Chancery. There is a nice kind of garden area out the back, where you can loll around looking at the acts of obscenity and wondering if you are hallucinating. Homophobes can rest assured that there is usually a large straight contingent, including a summer influx of bedraggled Irish J1-ers wondering what the fuck is going on.

These non-stop pubs explain why Irish fishing has gone to shite recently

As well as the normal early houses, there are also mythical 'all-night houses' which only have to close between 1am and 2am. These mad places are there to serve people who go "fishing in tidal waters" and are therefore finishing work at all sorts of hours of the night. We couldn't find any in Dublin, but one Garda told us that his wife once asked a barman in Donegal what time they closed at and was told March. If anyone knows of one of these gaffs, please email us at editor@theslate.ie.

Poor chap just wants to sleep.

Readers Take Note!

Early Houses do not open on Sunday mornings. Trying to find one on the Lord's Day is a futile and depressing activity.

WHAT TO DO IN BETWEEN

The big problem with early houses, of course, is that they don't open until about four hours after the average club shuts. So unless you have a large sack of booze and an unnatural fondness for knacker drinking, you will need something to amuse yourself for the intervening period.

AFTER HOURS JOINTS

These crop up in mysterious fashion every now and then around town. However they are obviously very secretive affairs and, unless you are extremely well connected, you will probably only find out about them by chance. A good laugh, but are generally run by strange transvestites so you might be glad to leave by the time the early house is opening up.

AN ILLEGAL PARTY

Coming into the summer there should be a lot more of these taking place in fields, beaches and warehouses. The only thing is, all the normal pubs will probably be open already by the time you get back from whatever far flung disaster zone the party took place in.

GO BACK TO A FRIEND'S FLAT (OR YOUR OWN PLACE)

But don't fall asleep, and showers are forbidden.

TAKE ACID

And run around town laughing for four hours.

WATER POLO

Have an impromptu game in the Liffey

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Live Music

EMINEM

THURSDAY 26 & FRIDAY 27 JUNE
PUNCHESTOWN RACECOURSE
€52.50 + BKG. FEE

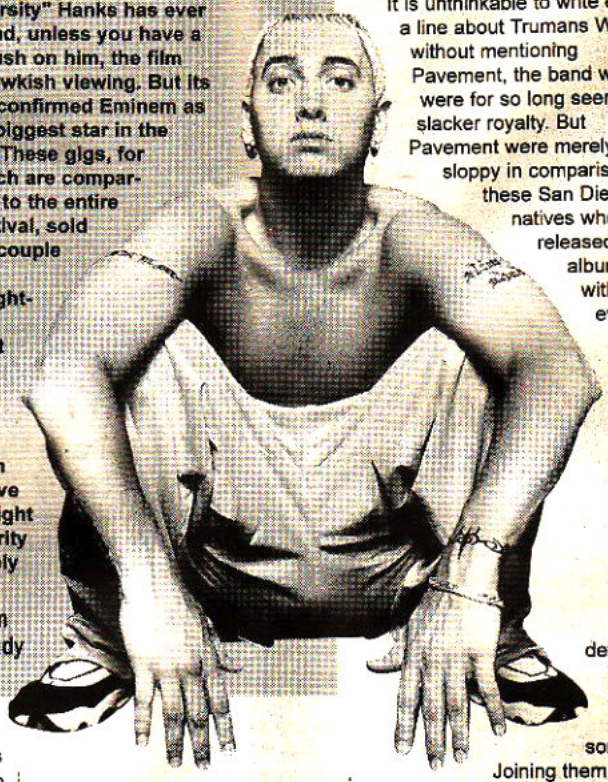
HAVING PRODUCED some genuinely caustic and amusing commentary on his first two albums, Eminem now appears to have completely run out of anything to say. His previously razor-sharp obvservations on the hypocrisy around him are beginning to sound washed out and repetitive. The soap opera of his life was amusing enough on the Marshall Mather LP, but was always going to come across as gimmickry if it was dragged out for too long - which at this stage it has.

And, maybe thanks to his new closeness to the yankee celebrity classes, his attacks on them appear to have completely lost their teeth. Mathers himself puts this down to a process of 'growing up' or 'learning from his mistakes' - the reality is that, after a second album which was full of anti social genius, he has just become another boring cartoon rapper. Then there's the blatantly shit D12 crew. Mates or no mates, they are so bad that everything Eminem did with them forced him to look like he was trying too hard.

This effect has been compounded by duets with Elton John and his 'acting' role in 8 Mile. Eminem's thespian abilities stretch to only two moods - belligerent and tender (which, in fairness, is one more than Tom "Pissed-Off In The Face Of Adversity" Hanks has ever managed.) And, unless you have a schoolgirl crush on him, the film makes for mawkish viewing. But its success has confirmed Eminem as possibly the biggest star in the world today. (These gigs, for example, which are comparative in scale to the entire Witnness festival, sold out in only a couple of hours.)

For those lightening-quick enough to get tickets this is a unique opportunity to catch a watered-down Slim Shady live and at the height of his popularity - from probably about half a mile away.

Prim Shady



TRUMANS WATER

FRIDAY 6 JUNE
WHELAN'S **€12.50**

It is unthinkable to write even a line about Trumans Water without mentioning Pavement, the band who were for so long seen as slacker royalty. But Pavement were merely sloppy in comparison to these San Diego natives who've released 11 albums without ever definitely writing a song. Joining them on this bill are Brighton's I'm Being Good who pursue a similarly Sonic Youth-influenced course through post rock and who, for what it's worth, are held in high esteem by The School Of Hard Cocks magazine.

YES

TUESDAY 3 JUNE
VICAR STREET **€55**

Influential only insofar as every band that came after them tried to sound as little like them as possible, Yes are prog-rock in the same way Graham Norton is gay and the the Ayatollah Khomeini was a Muslim. Even among the ranks of a band for whom the term 'musical masturbation' was coined, stupid-hat-wearing keyboardist Rick Wakeman stands out as possibly the most ridiculous character in rock history. He was Louis XVI to punk's French revolution. Thirty years later there are still no excuses - just say no.

THERAPY?

THURSDAY 5 JUNE **8PM**
THE VILLAGE **€TBC**

Apart from their cello-heavy hit cover of Diane, veteran metallers Therapy? have always been a no nonsense sort of band. Andy Cairns's drunken, expletive-packed rendition of Knives on the Late, Late Show - or specifically Gay Byrne's face when the camera panned back to him - was one of Irish TV's all time highlights. Armed now with a half-decent new album, do they still have it in them to overcome our instinctive prejudices against fat nordies with goatee beards? Probably not.

SEPULTURA

THURSDAY 5 & FRIDAY 6 JUNE
TBMC **€23**

In hindsight, it was probably a mistake of Sepultura to ask their frontman Max Cavalera to fire their manager. She was his wife, and the singer was so upset about doing it that he quit. They soldiered on but their career has been in freefall ever since, hence this gig in the Temple Bar Music Centre.

WAYNE KRAMER

FRIDAY 6 JUNE
THE VILLAGE **€20**

Fresh from the controversial Levis-sponsored MC5 reunion, the band's senior surviving member Wayne Kramer showcases his acclaimed guitar virtuosity with this gig at the Village. This former White Panther now owns and runs MuscleTone records, which specializes in 'Rock Music For Adults' (rough translation: dull, 'serious' music performed by former members of bands you never have heard of.) He has an even less glamorous sideline doing Pro-Tools promos in US shopping malls. Of curiosity value only.

Live music writers wanted

Email gigs@theslate.ie

FU MANCHU
SATURDAY 7 JUNE 7.30PM
THE VILLAGE €17:50

Fu Manchu are not, as you might imagine, known only for their delicious special fried rice. They are in fact a Californian stoner-rock quartet who crossed paths several times with (Josh Homme and Nick Olivieri's band) Kyuss during the 1990s, in between recording endless samey, formulaic albums. More recently they've supported Corrosion Of Conformity and Marilyn Manson - once abandoning a Belfast gig in cowardly fashion when a small-scale disturbance broke out near the venue. A pharmaceutically acquired taste, they are probably best known for their decent debut No One Rides For Free which they've never really eclipsed.

ANI DIFRANCO
SATURDAY 7 JUNE 8 PM
VICAR STREET €33

All-singing, all-songwriting ecolesbian Ani DiFranco makes an umpteenth visit to Dublin, promoting her latest album Evolve with this solo show. Since her last visit she has toured Australia with Bob Dylan and seen her song You Had Time included in Nick Hornby's Songbook. The great thing is that, if you're not too bothered about saving the planet or removing the yoke of male oppression, then you're totally excused from having to listen to her music.

DJ FORMAT & MC ABDOMINAL
FRIDAY 13 JUNE 11 PM
TBMC €TBC

"Well, as you know," said DJ Format in a recent intereview. "I'm not really a big fan of the overall new sound of hip hop from the last few years." This is an understatement to say the least. This man is the enemy of progress. Although he's from Southampton, his recent Music for the Mature B Boy CD sounds like a collection of tracks that even De La Soul would have rejected for their uniquely annoying, hippyish 3 Feet High and Rising LP back in the late 80s. Backward-looking and unimaginative, this bullshit adds nothing to the hip hop canon. At least he's got a rapper with him.

HALITE
FRIDAY 13 JUNE
WHELAN'S €TBC

Having secured the opening (or "token Irish") slot at Slane in August, former Therapy drummer turned singer-songwriter Graham Hopkins warms up with this Whelans gig. No stranger to the venue having played here during stints with David Kitt and Gemma Hayes, he's somewhere between the excellent dreamy folk of the former and the stodgy indie of the latter. See album review on page.

JIMMY CLIFF
SATURDAY 14 & SUNDAY 15 JUNE
THE VILLAGE €30

If Bob Marley was Jamaica's answer to John Lennon then Jimmy Cliff is their Gerry & The Pacemakers. His breezy ska singles like Wonderful World, Beautiful People and You Can Get It If You Really Want were many outsiders' first introduction to Jamican music. The soundtrack to his 1974 film The Harder They Come is an indispensable document of its era and well worth checking out. Unlike Marley, though, he is alive and well and performing in Dublin every six months or so. Recommended.

AUDIOSLAVE
WEDNESDAY 18 JUNE
POINT THEATRE €34.50 - 36.50

The launch of this grunge supergroup last year occasioned much rejoicing. On closer inspection though, the sum of its parts - vocally overwrought Soundgarden frontman Chris Cornell and three quarters of Rage Against The Machine - do not add up to much. Sure Tom Morello was one of the more resourceful rock guitarists of the 90s but their debut delivers little more than standard stadium rock histrionics. Expect fireworks, but only literally.

DALEK
THURSDAY 19 JUNE
WHELAN'S *14

These chaps have been making dark, abstract hip hop in the vein of Anti-Pop Consortium since 1998. Which means you think they make an unlistenably pretentious racket or they're pointing the way to the future of rap music. If you care, main man Dalek and his accomplice Oktopus are a couple of middle-class boys who met in University and have received the thumbs up from lots of unthreatening groups such as De La Soul, Prince Paul and the Pharcyde, and they tour as relentlessly as Paul McCartney. So if you miss them this time they'll be back again.

The Bon Jovi Soul Brothers

BON JOVI
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
LANSDOWNE ROAD FROM €49.50

If there's a chorus of Living On A Prayer bottled up inside you then get along to this gig and let it out. Because without 8,000 screaming fans to drown you out, public catharsis would mean social death. Besides, Jon probably needs cheering up after last year's Bounce album. The post-911 vibe might have worked for his hero Springsteen but mourning and reflection are not in the vocabulary of any Bon Jovi fan.

SPINESHANK
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
TBMC €16.50

This nu-metal band claim their music is "a soundtrack to the endless black pain". What exactly are they talking about here? When your mom refuses to buy you a new skateboard? When your dad comes into your room and throws your satan worshipping kit in the bin? Spineshank are one in a long line of heavily marketed teen-angst bands - like Korn, Slipknot and System Of A Down, except not as popular. The best we can hope for is that the self-pitying title of their latest LP - Self-Destructive Pattern - will spark off some kind of mass suicide pact among their fans.

JOHN CALE
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
VICAR ST €35

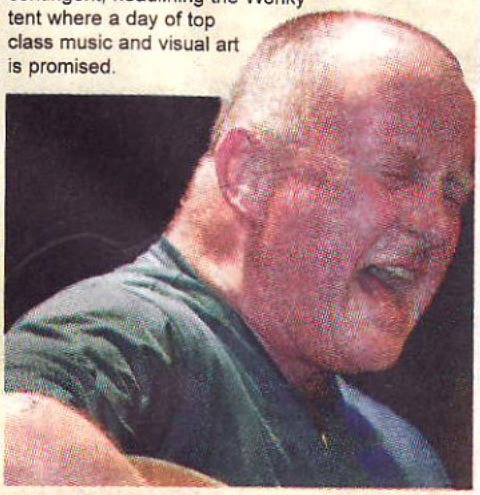
Although best known for his work with the Velvet Underground and his innovative production for everyone from the Stooges to the Happy Mondays, John Cale has almost 20 solo albums to his credit with another due this autumn. A classically trained musician who studied under John Cage it was he more than anyone else who introduced avant-garde concepts to rock and roll. He also once cut the head off a live chicken onstage - not that MTV ever offered him his own docu-soap. In any case, what you'll get tonight is an old man fiddling around on stage with a whole load of pretentious VU fans hushing you everytime you shift in your seat.

Jimmy Cliff - nice with a spliff

LISDOONVARNA FESTIVAL

SATURDAY 28 JUNE €59.50

AT TIME of going to press, this festival had been given the knock-back by local rednecks. However, the organisers insist that the event will go ahead once a new location is sorted out. But the question still remains: Why leave Dublin just to see Christy Moore and a load of bands you'd probably ignore if they were playing in your back garden? Musical discrimination does not flourish alongside farmer's tans and GAA replica jerseys, so patrons will be expected to embrace the delusion that The Frames are a good and interesting band, worthy of our esteem (that or pass out in a ditch for the duration of their set, which ever is the more comfortable.) But despite the preponderance of dull Irish rock scene types - The Frames, Mundy, Josh Ritter (American but already part of the Dublin clique) and Christy's brother Luka Bloom - there is still plenty of quality fare on offer. On the main stage David Kitt will preview songs from his forthcoming album while Damien Dempsey also performs earlier in the day. The excellent Will Oldham (a confirmed Planxty fan incidentally) leads the small foreign contingent, headlining the Wonky tent where a day of top class music and visual art is promised.



'Nooooo Lisdoonvarna'

CAT POWER

SUNDAY 22 JUNE
WHELAN'S €16.50

The daughter of a North Carolina itinerant piano player, things weren't going too well for Chan Marshall until she gave herself a Batman villain name and started hanging around with trendies in New York. These included Liz Phair and Sonic Youth (well, they were trendy in the 90s) and since then she's released five albums, most of which have balanced high quality with terrible filler crap. For her latest LP, You Are Free, she jettisoned the latter, and the influences of John Lee Hooker, Lou Reed and Smog can all be detected in her lo-fi sound. With a face as attractive as her voice, there should be plenty of randy nerds in the audience tonight.

SPEARHEAD

MONDAY 23 JUNE 8PM
THE VILLAGE €25.50+BKG. FEE

The rap explosion of the early 90s provided a great opportunity for liberal white yanks to embrace the culture of their black brothers who were being oppressed in the ghettos. Unfortunately this cultural revolution was somewhat undermined by the fact that most of the songs revolved around sticking guns up fat girls' asses - a subject not particularly close to the sandal-wearers' hearts. Into this breach stepped Spearhead, whose front man Michael Franti tried to combine a radical political message with soulful black vibes, and ended up sounding like a cross between Barry White and Bill Clinton. Although they weren't exactly bad, most of the good that Spearhead did was cancelled out by the sterilised PC bullshit that pervaded their lyrics and, with a new album called Everyone Deserves Music, they still seem to be at the same racket. Also worth pointing out that, in the US, their energetic live show is more or less a whites-only affair, with a few token blacks in the audience marginally outnumbering the Lenny Kravitz types on stage.

DEEP PURPLE & LYNYRD SKYNYRD

TUESDAY 24 JUNE
POINT DEPOT €49.50-54.50

Both of these dull riff-obsessed veterans have disappeared several times only to return as noisy and preposterous as ever. Prog-rockers Deep Purple are best known for Smoke On The Water and for once being adjudged rock's loudest act by the Guinness Book Of Records. Meanwhile an imaginative interpretation of the word 'reunion' allowed Lynard Skynard to overcome a 1977 aircrash and continue playing Sweet Home Alabama to drunken rednecks the world over. A classic rock pairing then, but only if your name is Homer Simpson.

AFRO CELTS

THURSDAY 26 JUNE 7.30PM
VICAR STREET €28

This is a band that bravely but unsuccessfully incorporates traditional Irish music with African rhythms and dance-music beats. The Afro Celts latest album, Seed, is set to be their most popular, and commercially accepted, release since the band's formation in 1995. But still, you needn't bother even thinking about this gig - strike it straight off your list. In spite of their hopeful collaborations with artists like Mundy, Sinead O'Connor and Peter Gabriel, even Hotpress would have trouble recommending these guys

COUNTING CROWS & THE CRANBERRIES

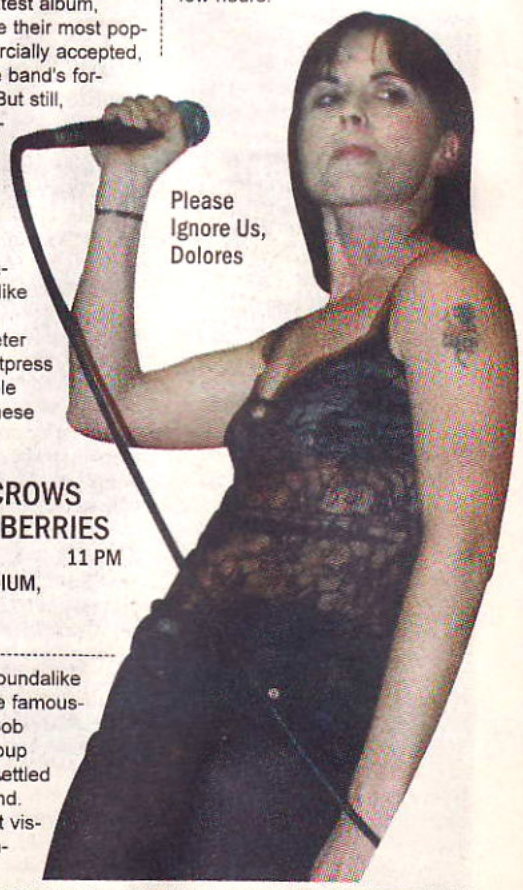
FRIDAY 27 JUNE 11 PM
FITZGERALD STADIUM, KILLARNEY
€39.50

Ronan Keating-soundalike Adam Duritz once famously wanted to be Bob Dylan. But his group have long since settled for being The Band. They are frequent visitors here presumably because this is the only country that will welcome them. The Cranberries meanwhile were allowed one final hurrah in the Point last Christmas on the understanding that they would fall on their swords immediately after. But backstabbing is a way of life in their native Limerick and Ireland's most risible band have returned to torture us once again.

BLACKALICIOUS

SATURDAY 28 JUNE 8PM
THE VILLAGE €16

DJ Shadow's outrageous success in 1996 with Endtroducing opened up the fanatically insular and independent San Fransisco Bay Area hip hop scene. On the DJ side, the wider world got to hear about with Q-Bert and Cut Chemist. On the rapping and lyrics side, there was Blackalicious. Gift Of The Gab and Chief X-Cel joined Shadow on the home of murky blow-smoking music Mo Wax with their albums Melodica and Nia, and released their latest mellow opus Broken Arrow last year on major label MCA. It's not terrifically exciting stuff but should keep you nodding lazily for the few hours.



Please Ignore Us, Dolores

Once Off Clubbing

EASE
FRIDAY 30 MAY
TBMC €18

Much blah has been blahed about Smokers Delight and Carboot Soul, Nightmares On Wax's mid-90s stoner double-whammy. But after nearly ten years, it needs to be asked what the fuck he does these days to earn his keep. The answer is recent single 70s/80s - a reggae tinged nostalgic jaunt through the late 70s/ early 80s which features low rent UK rappers lying about the 'bad shit' they got up to in 1982, when they were actually home in front of the telly watching DangerMouse. Support from Arveene.

JAMES HOLDEN
SUNDAY 1 JUNE
CLUB NASSAU €15

Following the success of his Horizons single, UK producer James Holden has started appearing behind the decks recently. Clubbers have reason to be wary of the old studio-boffin-turned-DJ trick, as the guy often ends up having little or no deck abilities. His DJ-ing reputation may be unproven but the least you should expect is up-to-date prog/deep trance. Support from James Coakley.

MAURO PICOTTO
SUNDAY 1 JUNE
RED BOX €20

Ireland has had a peculiar love for Mauro Picotto, as curious as our strange predilection for Charlie Landsborogh. But that was when he was a hard trance merchant. If he carries out his recent threat to play only minimal techno, it's hard to work out who'll be at this gig because trance lads hate that kind of shit while techno snobs would rather sit at home on a bank holiday night and listen to their walkman than pay to see Picotto. Support from Robbie Butler.

Mauro Picotto - the Charlie Landsborough of hard trance

Gloomy Paul Glazby

TIDY BOYS, LEE HASLAM, PAUL GLAZBY
SUNDAY 1 JUNE 8PM
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

In any other genre, the Tidy Boys - Andy and Amadeus - would be certified megastars, with their outrageously successful record label, Tidy Trax, an equally triumphant DJ agency, and a global gigging schedule that would knacker Sasha on steroids. Unfortunately, because they play hard house, no one will shit on them. If you can override that kind of retarded snobbery, you'll have a ball tonight, with highly-thought-of labelmates Lee Haslam and Paul Glazby joining up with the two Tidy Boys. Recommended. Support from Dave Bee and John Kerrigan.

NAKED RADIO 1ST BIRTHDAY PARTY
SUNDAY 1 JUNE
TRAFFIC €8

Jazz FM was one of the last stations to fall foul of the recent pirate radio clampdown (see page 9). But there are those who feel that the Republican Guard should have gone in long ago to remove this waste of airwaves space, as tuning into it almost invariably meant getting drowned horribly in xylophone solos and old lad's music. However, the exception to this rule was Friday night, when two shows - Naked Radio and The House Doctors' Soul Surgery - brought a modern, house-based jolt to the norm. Presented by the improbably named Jenny Wren, Naked Radio also featured a good selection of local guests. Tonight's 1st birthday special - hosted by Nylon at Traffic, and perhaps somewhat inappropriate in light of recent events - will include Bodytonic and Discotonic DJs, Jenny herself, the Nylon lads and some special guests. Nobody's said anything about getting naked so far - which is a relief.

FELIX DA HOUSECAT
SUNDAY 1 JUNE
TIVOLI €16.90

Luck, timing and relentless dogwork over the past 10 years have seen Felix Da Housecat transform himself from a respected underground house DJ into what he is now - the main figurehead for the electro-house/80s revival movement. Not a bad stroke, considering the vast body of his work is about as 80s as a Spice Girls re-union. If you don't know what to expect tonight, get a listen to his latest single, Control Phreq. Support from Influx Residents.

JUSTIN ROBERTSON
FRIDAY 6 JUNE
TBMC €18

Robertson's February double bill with Andrew Weatherall at the Tivoli (see elsewhere in the once offs) saw him really going on his hole. The number of car crash mixes was embarrassing for a DJ of his standing - the records he played served to shame him even further. This is uncharacteristic stuff, as he's usually good. Perhaps the success of his recent Rawkus Juice EP will find him in better form tonight. Support from Influx residents.

A-TRAK
FRIDAY 6 JUNE
RED BOX €15

The standard turntablist philosophy used to be that dues had to be paid and hard time done behind the decks before you could hope to compete with the heavies. Canadian A-Trak changed all that in 1997 when, at 16, he swiped the World DMC title away from newcomers and veterans alike. His skills are exceptional and he's definitely worth a look. Also, his fondness for Southern Bounce hip-hop gives him a refreshing musical base to work from. Recommended. Support from Choice Cuts Residents.

ROGER SANCHEZ
FRIDAY 6 JUNE
SPIRIT €20

The permanently polo-necked New Yorker tried to come on all modest after his 2001 Another

Roger Sanchez groping his mother's hole

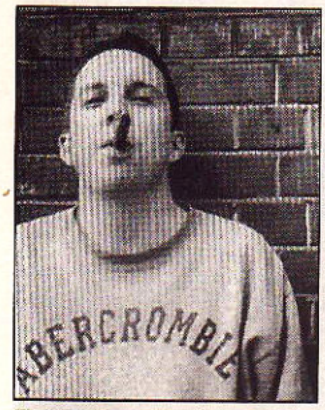
Chance single went to number one - as if its disgusting success embarrassed the fuck out of him. But as soon as our backs were turned he made a number of sly attempts to cash in on it with carbon copies, all of which were shite and went largely ignored. So his discredited status now makes him perfect fodder for Spirit, a club who seem to intent on championing dance music's biggest has-beens. Support from Hugh Scully.

DJ BONE
FRIDAY 6 JUNE
TRAFFIC €8

The choosy bastards in Detroit clubs reckon that local lad DJ Bone is one of the best in the business and, after three visits here, Dublin clubbers seem inclined to agree. Certainly, if the reports from his last Music Centre appearance are to be believed, Bone may be soon in for the kind of sloppy, wet adulation normally afforded to fellow Detroit man Claude Young. Expect all shades of techno alongside funky house and electro. Support TBC.

KOOP (LIVE)
SATURDAY 7 JUNE
RED BOX €16.90

The words 'live', 'jazz' and 'improvised' are never quite complete without the word 'wanker' around the corner. Thankfully, the first three can be comfortably applied to Swedish duo Koop with the fourth kept in reserve for their odd moment of excess. Magnus Zingmark and Oscar Simonsonn have been making music since 1994 but only achieved recognition last year when their Waltz For Koop record won a Grammy. It's a decent album but don't expect anything more revolutionary than jazz loops over house beats with twee girlie vocals. Support TBC.



The wondrous Weatherall

ANDREW WEATHERALL & KEITH TENNISWOOD
SATURDAY 7 JUNE
TBMC €16.90

Weatherall returns to Dublin after playing a total blinder back in February and showing up his old rival Justin Robertson in the process (see elsewhere in the once offs). Many will be delighted to see the two lone swordsmen - Weatherall's studio partner Tenniswood rarely plays alongside him - paired up for a night of dirty electro dialogue. All you need here is for Weatherall to be on form and it doesn't matter what the other cunt is like. Odds on it will a great night. Support from Influx residents.

DERRICK CARTER
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
RED BOX €15

THOSE DESPERATE bastards in the UK dance press embarrassed themselves again earlier in the year by attempting to squeeze a new scene out of what ended up being two records. Boompty Boomp (as it was shamefully known) started and ended with DJ Sneak's Fix My Sink and Derrick Carter's Where U At?

It was all a bit of an insult to Carter, who's been an excellent house DJ and producer for years without attaching himself to any bandwagons. Hailing from Chicago, he's old enough to have jumped on the Windy City party train when it kicked off in the mid-80s, and his reminiscences of the city's notorious Music Box and its drug-bin resident DJ Ron Moody are among the most credible on record.

But he's also young enough to have absorbed everything since, unlike some of the original Chicago crowd, who've regressed towards disco and gospel. If you feel like administering the mother of all insults, then get ratholed at the gig, storm the DJ booth, interfere with as much equipment as possible, and shout "turn that shit off and play some fucking boompty boomp". Support from Bodytonic Residents.

Get Carter while he's in town

EWAN PEARSON (MAAS)
FRIDAY 13 JUNE
TRAFFIC €8

A couple of years ago, Ewan Pearson aka Maas was wowing fans of smooth musical techno with his Latitudes album on Soma. He's been sitting on his hole for the last few years though, only churning out the odd remix in his polite, tuneful style (Small Change - a recent compilation of many of those efforts - will give you some idea what he's about). If you go to the gig, shout "Timo! Timo!" during a quiet moment and heckle him for Azzido Da Bass until he fucks a record box at you. Support from D1 Residents.

TOM STEPHAN
FRIDAY 13 JUNE
SPIRIT €20

Ever since making his DJing debut here at one of the The Kitchen's last ever gigs, gay poster boy and seedy house peddler Tom Stephan has been a regular Dublin visitor. With an appealing collection of remixes, among them Basement Jaxx and Missy Elliot, he certainly hasn't worn out his welcome yet. Why Stephan keeps getting booked by Spirit though is a mystery. His music's druggy, paranoid edge doesn't make the best soundtrack for a night of boozing and podium dancers. Support from Spirit residents.

PSYTRANCE
FRIDAY 13 JUNE
RED BOX €15

One of the more unlikely successes on the Dublin club scene this year has been the Psytrance parties held by promoters Moon Emotions. A successful residency on Friday nights in Soho (formerly Pegs) was cut short when the venue abruptly closed for renovations and to try and think of another stupid name for the club. Psytrance is a shot at recreating the colourful, day-glo atmosphere of free parties, originally in Goa but spreading all over Europe and UK. The trance music will not be to everyone's tastes, but the parties themselves are great - with the organisers usually turning up at 11am on the morning of the gig to start decking the venue out in mad psychedelic shit.

TEA ROOM
FRIDAY 13 JUNE
TEMPLE THEATRE €15

Sensing that hard house and trance punters need a change, the Temple have taken the novel move of converting the main ballroom for one night into an authentic Bombay tea room, complete with wallahs and a 12 piece band. No drinking, certainly no drugs (although you can chance smuggling some opium in, to honour the spirit of the night) just refreshing cups of Earl Grey and maybe a frisky Charleston. OK, more lies - but nobody has a fucking clue what Tea Room is so your guess is as good as anyone's. Support from Dave Bee and John Kerrigan.

ALEX KIDD & ADAM SHERIDAN
SATURDAY 14 JUNE
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

It's nice to see advertising occasionally live up to its obligations. Good Grief is, indeed, what you would say if you walked into the overhyped Leeds 'super' club of the same name and got assaulted by the cock sucking commercial trance and piss-weak hard house they play there. For the record, Alex Kidd plays hard house and Adam Sheridan plays trance. Support TBC.

IGNITION TECHNICIAN
SATURDAY 14 JUNE
TBMC €16.90

Pete Simpson and Richard Wilkinson have laboured on the wrong end of a sound desk for too long, working as sound engineers at Bugged Out, Orbit and Cream among others. Eventually they progressed to releasing funky techno on a number of labels, significantly Billy Nasty's Tortured Records, and that's the kind of thing you can expect tonight - extremely repetitive house/techno grooves, like Daft Punk in a foul humour. Support from Influx residents.

SI BEGG
SATURDAY 14 JUNE
BODKINS €10

Touring to support his new album The Director's Cut (see review in this issue), Si Begg makes for an interesting live proposition. On the more experimental end of breaks, Begg is a big hit with Warp Records types, but this shouldn't deter you - his stuff is just about dancefloor friendly. The expected crowd size should make Bodkins a nightmare of biblical proportions, so get up there early and get a seat (regardless of how dancefloor friendly the music is, there will probably be less dancing here than at the average play in the Gate). Support from Simon F and Seamus Harte.

PLUMP DJS
SATURDAY 14 JUNE
RED BOX €20

It's not so much that the UK's Plump DJs are spectacularly good; it's just that everything else in breakbeat is remarkably shit right now. How hard is it to be the leading light of a scene if all your rivals are making Playstation music or heavy metal breaks? The duo's forthcoming, hyped-to-fuck Eargasm album is probably what will be pushed tonight in spades, so expect breaks with a big room, polished edge. Clinical but effective. Support TBC.

ALEX KNIGHT (PARTY OF ONE)
MONDAY 16 JUNE
SUGAR CLUB €TBC

By day Alex Knight is the front man for Minnesota's Party Of One, a grim and angry guitar band. This seems to have been a good enough reason for the Sugar Club to get him in to play records and attempt to give people a good time. What were they thinking of? A better reason is probably that Party Of One have just released a new album, Caught The Blast and this is all in aid of promoting it.

Not quite the Creamer the Crop

JOHN CREAMER
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
SPIRIT €20

The last time John Creamer came to Dublin he played to about 150 people in the Red Box and he's not really any better known this time around. More of a producer than a DJ, he and his production partner Stephane K shot to fame with some excellent records (namely Wish You Were Here and their melancholy remix of Kosheen's Hide U) but the quality dropped with the deluge of remixes that followed. One thing - if you are allergic to progressive house, stay well clear of this gig. Support from Robbie Butler.

HARDBREED DJS
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
TEMPLE THEATRE €15

Hanging around Dublin's boisterous, hard house-loving Kiss FM may seem like an exercise in pointlessness. But these lads - Cheeky, XS, Mark Young and George E - stuck out the testosterone and the smell for long enough to land slots on the station. Now, after a few support gigs, they are headlining here at one of Kiss FM's frequent club nights. Expect 100% bitch-slapping hard house and don't blame us if you're gang raped. Support from Dave Bee.

PETRAE FOY
SATURDAY 21 JUNE
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

This guy was recently unfortunate enough to have Fergie telling everyone he's 'the next big thing'. Being resident at Garlands in Liverpool, he probably finds it hard enough getting people to take his bolshy racket seriously without that prick on his case, giving him props he could do with like malaria. It's bandied about that he plays techno, but aside from the very odd loop track, it's really just big nasty hard trance. Sounds dodgy. Support TBC.

SLUM SCIENCE
SATURDAY 21 JUNE
THE BAR €8

Eddie Leader and D-Troit have been knocking round the North of England for years, trying in vain to convert the ignorant philistines to the refined joys of underground, Chicago-influenced house. In the end Chicago itself took the two lads to heart with respected local label Greenskeepers Music putting their stuff out. DJing, they play light, minimal house which can get tracky at one end or jazzy at the other. Either way, the calibre of guests at Bodytonic nights is fairly dependable. Support from Bodytonic Residents.

ROOTY SOUNDSYSTEM FEAT. FRANK TOPE, TAYO, & THE NAG NAG NAG DJS
SATURDAY 21 JUNE
TBMC €16.90

After the massive success of Basement Jaxx's 1999 debut Remedy, the two lads got a bit worried that it would all go to their heads and they'd end up experimenting themselves up their own arses. So they started Rooty, a club night in Brixton, with the aim of giving new material a weekly test on the dancefloor. They've since handed over the residency to journalist Frank Tope (who was the regular support DJ) and nu-skool breaks bore Tayo. That's who you're getting tonight and you can expect dirty punky house with a latin edge. Upstairs, the Brits' latest ponce joint, Nag Nag Nag, have sent over their residents to annoy you with electroclash and 80s stuff. Support from Influx Residents.

NICE N NASTY VS LET LOOSE
SATURDAY 21 JUNE
BODKINS €5

The second round of the battle for North/South supremacy kicks off in Bodkins. Once again Shane O'Sullivan and Rob McKean from Let Loose are taking on Nice n' Nasty's Desy Balmer and Dave Ingram - the dirty beggars from up north. The nordies secret weapon is not, thankfully, a fistful of semtex, but the live Detroit-style techno of fellow visitor Tristan Polar. At 5 euros, it's a decent Saturday night's entertainment.

LISA LASHES
FRIDAY 27 JUNE
TBMC €16.90

The very epitome of a Hard House Bird, with her hydraulic tits, micro-skirts and unbearably hyper records, Lisa Lashes stands as a metaphor for the thrills, pills and stomach pumps lifestyle associated with that genre. What she doesn't stand for is nonsense, as evidenced by a planetary sized mickey fit at her last gig here. The Temple sound system failed twice during her set, to which she responded by ripping the needle off the record and stropping out majestically. Damn right. Support TBC.

CULCHIE GHETTO

These are the only culchie gigs we were told about this month. If any bogger promoters want to get into the next issue, can they please let us know...

PAUL MURPHY
FRIDAY 30 MAY
COMEDY CLUB,
CITY LIMITS CORK €10
SATURDAY 31 MAY
KIRBEYS BROGUE INN,
ROCK STREET, TRALEE €10

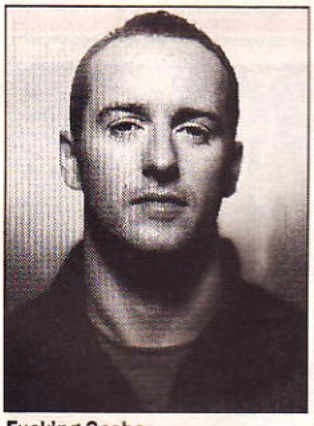
Boggers in Cork and Tralee will be attempting to get soul with the appearance of one of London's old guard of soul-boys, Paul Murphy. Despite theming the Network 2 travel disaster Wanderlust, he's about as Irish as Bill Clinton. Soul, dancefloor jazz and noodly house are on the menu.

HELLFISH (LIVE)
THURSDAY 26 JUNE
VIVA €13

For the uninitiated, hardcore (modern hardcore, as opposed to the early 90s, Eclipse jeans incarnation) is a twisted outpost of gabber, the already quite nasty Dutch stuff. Most sane people agree that a 200 bpm kick drum is not clever or deep, and it's long ceased to be a novelty joke. But some nerds out there are still tickled pink by the concept, and you can expect to see them here at Hellfish, who records that kind of thing for Deathchant and Planet Mu. Support from Daragh Thomas and Ikeaboy.

SASHA
FRIDAY 27 JUNE
RED BOX €20

It's been quite a while since Sasha pulled off one of the huge performances he's well capable of. The biggest talking point of last year's Airdrawndagger tour seemed to be the fact that he kept finishing with the exact same 10 tunes. Reports from his recent gigs worldwide have been slightly better though - given a nice long set he could come up trumps tonight. Support from Robbie Butler.



Fucking Sasha

Straight out of Milton Hampshire

JAMES RUSKIN
SATURDAY 28 JUNE
SWITCH €13

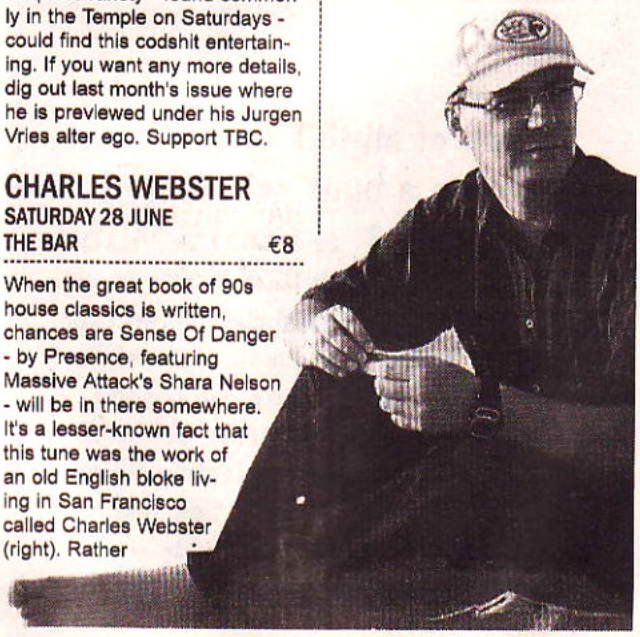
Dull, anonymous British kipholes have a habit of spitting out producers of angry techno - witness Watford's Justin Berkovi and Surgeon and Regis from Birmingham. James Ruskin (left) of Milton Hampshire is another one, and he's been around for about a century, building up an epic discography on many labels. It all boils down to the same hard percussive techno which can be described as funky only in the way something smashing into your kneecaps from 20 paces can be described as funky. Support from Joe McGrath.

DARREN TATE
SATURDAY 28 JUNE
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Justice almost reigned supreme last month when this trance spanner's Tivoli gig was cancelled due to general messing with the venue. Alas, he's back to pester us again in the more appropriate surroundings of the Temple Theatre. Appropriate because only mongoloids of the simplest variety - found commonly in the Temple on Saturdays - could find this codshit entertaining. If you want any more details, dig out last month's issue where he is previewed under his Jurgen Vries alter ego. Support TBC.

CHARLES WEBSTER
SATURDAY 28 JUNE
THE BAR €8

When the great book of 90s house classics is written, chances are Sense Of Danger - by Presence, featuring Massive Attack's Shara Nelson - will be in there somewhere. It's a lesser-known fact that this tune was the work of an old English bloke living in San Francisco called Charles Webster (right). Rather than churn out another rake of soundalikes, Webster went on to make a killer deep house album, Born On The 4th Of July, and develop his formidable rep as an underground DJ. Well recommended. Support from Bodytonic residents.



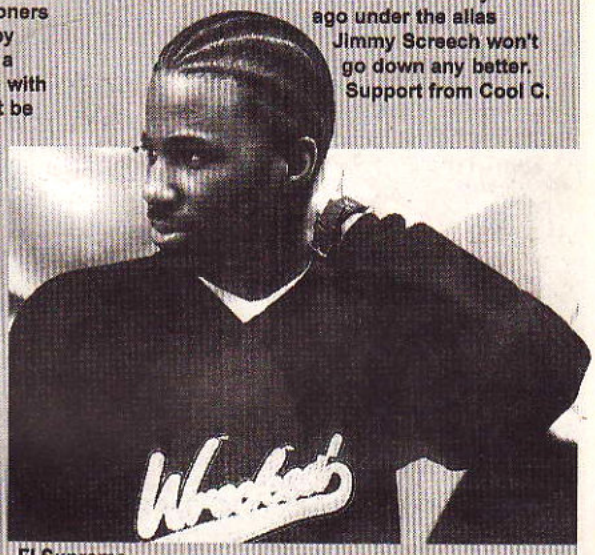
Charles Webster looking like someone's dad on a picnic

DJ SUPREME
FRIDAY 20 JUNE
TBMC €12

FOR A long time the most sensible thing you could do with a UK hip hop record was use it to wipe your arse. But, during this late 80s/early 90s era of muck, North Londoners HiJack were the exception. Produced by tonight's guest, DJ Supreme, they had a grainy, hard-rolling sound, comparable with the Ultramagnetic MCs, which can best be experienced on their mini-hit Horns Of Jericho (sampled by Liam Howlett for the Prodigy Experience classic Jericho).

Unfortunately for Supreme some piss artist also thought it was highly sample-able and, a couple of years ago, made a shameful gonzo-trance cover version of the song. This was unforgivable enough in itself, but to make matters worse, the cunt had been going around calling himself DJ Supreme and having other equally offensive chart hits like Tha Wildstyle. Much confusion has reigned since and the original Supreme's name has been thoroughly soiled, which has probably lead to the fiercely proud UK hip hop scene slapping a Satanic Verses-style fatwah on the other hapless cunt who was just trying to make a few bob with his rotten music.

So make no mistake, it's the original Supreme tonight, playing a scratch-fuelled hip-hop set. Naturally, interrupting the proceedings and demanding he play Tha Wildstyle would fuck him off no end, and bringing up the couple of laughable 2-Step records he made a few years ago under the alias Jimmy Screech won't go down any better. Support from Cool C.



El Supremo

Regular Clubbing

MONDAYS

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

80s music, a steel-plated rep and a consistent crowd make this your safest bet if you're going out for some late drinks on Monday. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
JUSTIFIED €7/5

New night that we haven't been to yet. DJs are Alf who used to play in old gay rave club Shaft and Patrick Scahill. Expect deep house and some old skool. Double vodka and Red Bull €8.50, selected pints €3.50, FCUK €3.50.

TUESDAYS

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Increasingly widespread joke: two SARS virus' are sitting on a wall after a few drinks in the boozer. One turns to the other and says 'Jaysus I could murder a Chinese'. Ho Ho Ho! Boom boom boom! Last reviewed July 2002

SPY
SUN ZOOM SPARK €5 FREE B4 11.30

Singer songwriter shenanigans in a posey hole. The live music makes things a little bit more interesting here. Last review March 2003

TBMC
CUBANISMO €5

Make of a fool of yourself trying to dance like a snazzy South American. Or turn up beforehand for the salsa classes (from 7pm-10.30pm.)

TRAFFIC
LA CADAVRE €6

Bizarre enough night that operates under the 'electro' tag, but varies from hard techno to remixes of MC Hammer. Sometimes has an up for it crowd but was in tumbleweed territory when we went last month. Kind of thing that could pick up when exams end though. Last review May 2003

WEDNESDAYS

COYOTE
MONKEY FUNK €5/2

How this international student night will fare without the students will be interesting. Last review March 2003.

GEORGE
SPACE N VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Raging Queen Veda bon Reves is at the helm here at this cabaret night. The George has a bizarre, slightly sleazy feel to it and the music is mostly muck, but things liven up a bit when they have live shows such as this.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €5

Consistently packed dub night which features a great soundsystem and some good guests. Well worth checking out. Last review April 2003.

RED BOX
YOYO €5/ FREE BEFORE 11.30/ **LADIES FREE BEFORE MIDNIGHT**

Irritating, cheezy music is what you'll get here and a small crowd of drunk assholes falling around the place. Don't waste your time. Sidekicks €2.50, Miller/ Cashels €2.50, Vodka and Red Bull €6.40 Last review April 2003

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WEDNESDAYS

Continued

RIRA
U-TURN €7

There's nothing wrong with funk, soul and hip hop, but when you hear the same tracks over and over again in the same club it starts to get boring, which is sometimes the case in Rira. Still, it's one of the best clubs in Dublin for getting drunk in.

TEMPLE THEATRE
MIA €7/5
FREE B4 12.15 W. GOLDCARD

Brutal fodder upstairs that even the 98FM playlist compilers would balk at, with drunk DIT students trying to pull on the dancefloor. Decent rnb from Frank Jezzy downstairs. All longnecks €3. Last reviewed October 2002

TRAFFIC
GRIDLOCK €6/5

Brody and Gordon Maher play 'hip-hop and funky jazz leading up to tech-house'. Went down to check it out, but it was so deserted the bouncers had shut up shop by 1.30.

VIVA
MILK PLUS €4

Decent Clockwork Orange-themed student night with rock, hip-hop and funk. Was off the scene during the exams period but will be back on during the summer. Selected beer and alcopops €3 We still haven't been to it. Stella e3.50, socktails 5, 3 vodka ice e10

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
SPANK €5

Not very good - big rnb hits played by DJ Pure Silk to a not particulalry enthusiastic crowd. Last reviewed February 2003

GEORGE
SONGS FROM THE LAST CENTURY €8

There's plenty of drunk auld fellas in this pub we can tell you. Cheesey enough night, but not radically different from anything else in the George.

METROPOLITAN
ELECTRIC CITY €5

This electro night took on an even more underground feel when the lights stopped working for two weeks running and the dancefloor was pitched into darkness. Unfortunately they have turned them back on, but this is definitely worth a visit if you are looking for a bit of midweek messing. June line up: 05 Niall and Danny Power 12 Jon Hussey 19 Philth and Pat Hyland 26 Nost live. Last reviewed May 2003.

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/5

The only reason you should be found in here is if you need somewhere to puke. Brutal shit. Hip-hop with the Choice Cuts lads in The Chocolate Bar. Cashels e2 pint, Heineken 3.50!. Dbl Vodka and Redbull e6.50 Last reviewed February 2003

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

Pretty much the same as any other Rira night.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

Boring annoying studenty shite. They are possibly going to put a gay night on instead of it during the summer. Last reviewed May 2003

SUGAR CLUB
THE LAUGHING CLUB €15

Decent quality comedy night in a good venue for this kind of thing. Phone the club in advance to see who's playing. Last reviewed May 2003

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

This indie night will probably suffer abysmally with the lack of students over the summer. Expect slightly edgey indie music and some trendy hip hop. Occasionally some burnt out indie figure from the nineties will appear and try to play some CDs. Last reviewed March 2003.

TRAFFIC
DIVERSION €8

Quality gay night - by Dublin's dire standards - with a music policy that isn't dominated by disgusting Kylie bootlegs and embarrassing cabaret shows. A young, reasonably dressed up crowd head down. Last review April 2003

VIVA
OFFBEAT €3

This yoke only runs every second week and promises techno, electro, breaks and hardcore to dismay the vuppies who wandered downstairs expecting jazz. June line up: 12 DJ Kalif 2 Hellfish live (see once offs)

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €5

RnB from the entertaining Funkmaster Lee in this desolate superpub.

FRIDAYS

FRAZERS
TECHNO/SKA €6

These two radically different forms of music alternate every week. Review soon - maybe.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Run down theatre with an old crowd an quite boring latin and funk music. Worth checking as break from other clubs, but it's not inspiring. Last review November 2002

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €FREE

Young crowd getting pissed to big indie hits from the past two decades. Usually has a crowd from the live music that takes place prior to the club. Last reviewed November 2002.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10/13 WHEN GUEST

We are running out of negative things to say about this yuppyish affair. The jist is this: lots of pretentious, jazz influenced music with a posey crowd of shits getting fleeced blind by the expensive drinks menu.

Write for us baby clubbing @theslate.ie

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Club Gossip

with Bitchy McBackhander

Which skinny electro geek got completely fucked on magic mushrooms after DJ Hell last month and start telling a rather surprised audience that he wanted to make porn with his girlfriend and sell it for money?

The tale of the Tivoli has now run long past the stage when it stopped being interesting. And it looks like it will keep going for a while longer. As we went to press, the venue was set to open for the June bank holiday weekend, but exactly what involvement Influx and Peter May will have in it in the long term is unclear. There are rumours going around that Spirit / MCD man Brian Spollen - noted for his popularity on the clubbing scene - could have a hand in booking acts for the Tivoli. Is this the first step of yet another MCD venue takeover?

Trendy Nylon DJs Tom Rixton and Nic James got their come-uppance last month when a huge New Zealander attacked two of them at the Trinity Ball. That'll teach them for appearing in newspapers posing with their record collections.

Is 'UR Operative' Eamonn Doyle going to be given the boot by the pompous Underground Resistance crew? Laugh-a-second UR boss Mike Banks would probably be absolutely over the moon to hear that Doyle and Co. have got into bed with none other than Sony (via a Playstation sponsorship deal) for the forthcoming Dublin Electronic Arts Festival extravaganza. As everybody knows, the independent Detroit label is great friends with Sony, who attempted to steal their huge 'Knights of the Jaguar' track by releasing an unauthorised trance version some years ago.

Jolly Johnny Reynolds much-hyped Jazz Café on Fade St may not now go ahead. As reported last month, the boys behind Ri Ra have got involved, and there is talk now that it could be some kind of a Pan Asian food bar. However, seeing as it is a former Sausage Factory, we vote it should keep the name and become a gay club.

Rumour has it that the Impulsive duo of Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey are to take a break from promoting.

Pod PR man Anthony Mooney (below) got very excited when weedy pop star idiot Justin Timberlake accidentally found his way down to Spy on South William St. The next day, he proudly posted this great bit news to the public via cyber dance-info site ie-dance, only to be quickley shot down and correctly branded a muppet. When will he learn?

Separated at birth: Pod flyer-boy Anthony Mooney and Aidan 'Master of the Universe' Walsh.

FRIDAYS

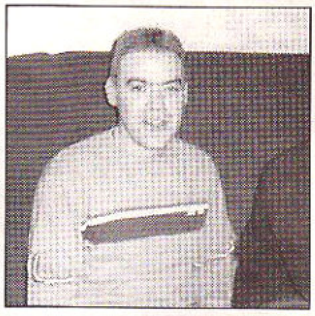
Continued

METROPOLITAN
HUSTLE €10

Billy Scurry and Declan Comiskey put on good house music for a more mature clientele. Numbers not great, but a good venue for this kind of gig. Last review April 2003

POD
HAM €10/8

Good if slightly sedate Friday night whose promoters are soon to take over Thursdays and Saturdays at the Pod. Tonie Walsh, Shay Hannon (below) and Hugh Scully take care of the music. Last review November 2002



Shame Hannon

RIRA
RINKA €10

A couple of nights rotate in Rira's, including the self-explanatory Rockers' Revenge and the hip hop driven Choice Cuts, featuring DJ Scope and friends. A good bet for a Friday. Last reviewed March 2003

SPIRIT
REVELATION €15

The new Sunday club at Spirit has revealed that this can actually be an ok place when they only open the middle floor. But the main auditorium is an unpleasant place, with tacky music, annoying people, and a stupid stage show. That's what to expect on Fridays here. Last review February 2003.

SPY
BETTY FORD CLINIC €10/ FREE BEFORE 11.30

After a while spent trying to establish itself as a dance music club, Spy seems to be retreating into trendy shitness. Nights with names like this one are a bit of a giveaway. Scott McNaughton and others DJ. Last reviewed February 2002.

SWITCH
DEEP HOUSE NETWORK €12

Switch would appear to be on the verge of vanishing off the clubbing horizon. Sean Scully's Friday house night got the boot a while ago, and its successor (more house from The Deep House Network) appears to be doing even worse.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION €13/10

Big rnb session with lots of black men and white ladies getting it on. Disgraceful. The music is a mix of the big, commercial tunes and some more underground remixes, etc. Last review April 2003

TEMPLE THEATRE (CRYPT)
HARD HOUSE HEAVEN FOR €12/15 GUESTS

John Kerrigan and Dave Bee take charge of what seems to be Dublin's last weekly hard house club. Ugly scenes as not many people take too many drugs. Last review April 2003

TRAFFIC
MODEL 1 €8

Definitely one of the best nights going on in Dublin at the moment. It's a nice small, dark basement club with good areas for sitting down when you are too fucked to keep dancing. The best thing, though, is the music - a hypnotic mix of non-hammering techno which occasionally breaks out into great melodies or the odd bit of electro. June line up: 06 DJ Bone (see once offs) 13 Ewan Pearson (see once offs) 27 Mark Broom live. Last review May 2003

VOODOO
LO FAT €TBC

Hip hop night that's worth a look if you're in the area. Death Disco, on the last Friday of the month, features rock and punk DJ-ing from professional lesbian BP Fallon, usually with some 70s fossil guesting behind the decks Last review March 2002

SATURDAYS

THE BAR
BODYTONIC GUESTS — FREE/€8 FOR

The upstairs here is quite cool except there's no bar, so people tend to stay down - which is grand for a few pints, with music ranging from hip hop to electro to 80s shit. If you're in, though, pop upstairs where you'll find the Bodytonic DJs lashing out quality jacking house. Last review March 2003.

FRAZERS
DOMINION — €6

Goths in the basement. Last review October 2002

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB — €12

Not the best night in Dublin, but you can drink til almost 4 and there are plenty of different music options, some of which aren't shit.

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC — €FREE

Young enough indie night in this slightly out of the way venue. Sentimental homage is paid once a month to the Grove - an old kiddy disco which used to happen on the northside up until the mid-90s. Give the Isaac Butt a ring for details. Last review October 2002

METROPOLITAN
REFUGE — €10

With the future of this jungle night less than secure over the last few months, numbers suffered a bit. But things had picked up significantly as we went to press, which is very good news. Refuge is a great club night, with the best dnb DJs Dublin has to offer.

POD/REDBOX
AAA — €20/15 B4 11.30

Big name guest of no particular music style take over the Red Box most weeks. For the last few months it has been Access All Areas with the Pod, but the smaller venue is apparently soon going to be run as a 'straight-friendly' gay club, so this should be changing fairly soon. Last review February 2003.

RIRA
DOUBLE TROUBLE — €10

Good if you're planning on going out, getting pissed and listening to hip hop, house and funk. Last review February 2003.

SPIRIT
PROPHESY — €20

See Friday's review. Not much fun.

SPY
CRASH — €12/FREE BEFORE 11

Posy shit. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE — €13

Great selection of techno DJs here, with none better than resident Joe McGrath, who combines technical ability with a good feel for the dancefloor.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE — €20

Check out our once-off listings for more information on this hard house and trance meeting place for the maddest ravers in Dublin. Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit support mainly UK and Italian guests.

TIVOLI
INFLUX — €16.90/20

It's closed, it's open, no it's closed. Oh no it's open. The Tivoli is due to get back up and running on Friday 30 May - god knows what will happen after that. We presume that Saturday nights will continue in a house and techno vein as before. Check once off listings for more info.

TRAFFIC
54 MAS — €10

Recently crowned the 'Cafe en Seine of the Northside,' Traffic almost lives up this billing on a Saturday, with a cheesey selection of house from Ronan O and 2fm's Conor G. Crowd consists mainly of hairdressers assistants.

the laughing club

june 5th- kevin gildea & dermott mcmorrow
june 12th- johnny candon & bernard o'shea
june 19th- joe rooney & michael mee
june 26th- dermott carmody & reuben
resident mc- neil delamare
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SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY **FREE B4 12 €8 AFTER**

Rnb in a strangely designed club with Cork's Stevie G and others playing. Not bad, not amazing. Last reviewed February 2003

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY **€7 AFTER 10**

Totally gay bingo session with Shirley Temple Bar from the National Lottery ads. DJ Fluffy plays after.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD **8PM-11.30PM €4**

This is a great way to spend your Sunday evenings. It's held in a dark room and features lots of live outlandish music from a wild variety of local acts. Surprisingly little pretensiousness in evidence. Starts at around 9 and ends at midnight. June line up: 01 Device 08 Double Adaptor 15 StarGlow 29 Gkrum Last reviewed April 2003

SUGAR CLUB
THE BITTER END **€10**

Live music with an acoustic session on the second week of each month. Might be a good option if you can't face any more dance music after the weekend.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH **€8/6 AFTER 11**

One of the best Sunday options around It's house based musically, and while sometimes it can get a bit proggy, the crowd is always up for it. DJs Sean Hand, Tonie Walsh and Ed Poland feature and there's live sax and bongos. Last review May 2003

TRAFFIC
NYLON **€8**

Good Sunday club this, except for the fact that the DJs - Arveene, Nic James and Tom Rixton - all think they are the coolest dudes in town, and are constantly begging newspapers to write articles about them. The music ranges from house to breaks and makes the night well worth a visit at the tail of the weekend. Last reviewed May 2003

SPIRIT
SUMMER OF SOUL **€10**

The only good night in this kip. They close off the awful auditorium upstairs (for the moment - things may change if too many people start going), so proceedings take place on the middle floor, which works very well. Decent sized dancefloor, plenty of places to sit down and, probably thanks to resident DJ Bubbles, a mad crowd of restaurant workers, hairdressers, etc. Last review May 2003

DJ Bar Listings

4 DAME LANE
DAME LANE, D2

Monday: Boogaloo (Gerry Molumbi downstairs)
Tuesday: Lizard Lounge (Eamonn Barratt Upstairs, Aoife Ni Canna downstairs)
Wednesday: Murandishi (Darragh Skelton upstairs, guests downstairs)
Thursday: No Name (DJ Alex and guests downstairs)
Friday: Darragh Skelton and Aoife Nic Canna downstairs
Saturday: DJ Nick upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs
Sunday: No Name (JP Lynn upstairs, Dandelion downstairs)

THE BAR
THE LEGAL EAGLE, THE 4 COURTS

Thursday: Spin Cycle (eclectic)
Saturday: Bodytonic and Discotonic (deep house and disco with Tayto and guests)
Sunday: Open Decks night

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Wednesday: The Music Club (Singer/Songwriters)
Thursday: Cut 'n' Paste (scratch hip-hop)
Friday: Bleep (Decal and guests - electronica) / Neuromantek
Saturday: Let Loose / Electrocuted (electro & techno)
Sunday: Easy listening Vinyl in assoc. with Power FM /Psychonavigation records. (Keith Downey and guests - Chill out)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Fri: Hells Kitchen with Pete Pamf and Claire plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Mon: Country Music Singer Songwriter Night
Tues: French hip-hop (DJ Charlie)
Sat: Promised Land with Poppie and guests
Sun: Reggae with DJ Ram
Thurs: Mr Soft and Daniel - (northern soul) **Wed:** Jazz and Blues with Mark Vinner

GRAYS
NEWMARKET SQUARE, THE COOMBE

Friday: Monkey Tennis/Carribean Disco Hell alternate.
Sunday: Snuggle (eclectic monthly night)

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Tuesday: Joy (soul sister - classic soul jazz funk
Wednesday: Open Deck
Thursday: Rocky T Delgado (hip-hop, rnb)
Friday: Rohan (mixed bag) and Edisons Medicine
Saturday: Gordon Maher and Phil T Frog (funky house)
Sunday: Philter feat. Colin and Steve (deep grooves, soul, funk)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: House music
Saturday: Eddie Eustace and Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace, Mr Moto and and whole load of other chaps (house-ish)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Monday: Live Jazz
Tuesday: The Company (live jazz)
Wednesday: Busty's G-Spot (cabaret)
Thursday: The Craic House (comedy)
Friday: Kajagubu (Mark Kelly - 80's night)
Sunday: Jazz Action (Live jazz band from 5-7, 8pm Marion doing tarot readings)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: House
Saturday: Eddie Eustace & Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace and Mr Moto (house)

ODEON
HARCOURT ST, D2

Sunday: Speakeasy (live band followed by Aoife Nic Canna)

MOLLOYS
CHRISTCHURCH

Tuesday: Alphabet Set (experimental, hip-hop)
Wednesday: Singer-songwriter night
Thursday: DJs Karla and Aoife
Friday: Babylon Club (dnb downstairs)
Saturday: Feedback: Gedge and Gint (house music) plus Alphabet Set, first of every month
Sunday: Acoustic Freedom (live bands)

SOLAS
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: Freestyle (Barstaff DJs - funk, hip-hop, soul, disco)
Tuesday: ENO (hip-hop, funk)
Wednesday: Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)
Thursday: Pete Panf (hip hop)
Friday: Fionn Davenport (funk, hip hop)
Saturday: Morgan (eclectic)
Sunday: Mark Kelly (funk)

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Friday: DJ Steve (commercial)
Saturday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Sunday: Ben Carvosso/Miller (house)
Thursday: Vivacious with Dave Cairns and Aran Robson (house) every second week

THE PROJECT ARTS CENTRE
ESSEX ST, D1

Friday: Jason O'Callaghan (soul, funk)
Saturday: Sean Scully and Padraig Disconaut (deep house)

SPY
POWERSCOURT, D2

Wednesday: Funktion (Jason O'Callaghan, eclectic)
Thursday: Soul Patrol (Billy Scurry, Anthony Mooney, Nello Romano, Quilli, Mr Moto and guests, deep house)

METROPOLITAN
EDEN QUAY, D2

Sunday: Cotton Club (live jazz band followed by DJ)

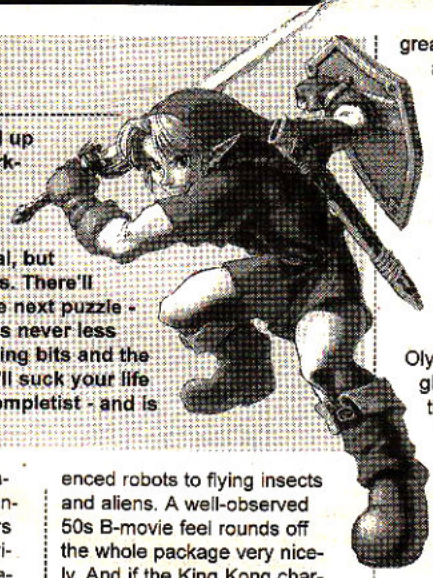
VILLAGE
CAMDEN ST, D2

Monday: Leagues
Thursday: Pat McMellow
Friday: David Kitt and Poppy
Saturday: Leagues
Sunday: Leah Henry

Games

THE LEGEND OF ZELDA: THE WIND WAKER
GAMECUBE

Despite their recent admission that they completely bolloxed up the launch of the Gamecube, Nintendo still make enough corkers like this to keep the faithful on side. The cel-shaded visuals are gawp-at-the-tv good, with an unmatched eye for cartoon detail and dynamics, and the soundtrack is of a similarly high standard. The plot is a piece of hokum as usual, but the Zelda games have always been about the dungeon crawls. There'll be times when - until you figure out how to progress past the next puzzle - you'll want to garrote yourself with the controller lead, but it's never less than fair. There are flaws of course, like the interminable sailing bits and the occasional camera problem, but they're easily overlooked. It'll suck your life away for as long as it lasts - months if you're a masochist completist - and is as close to an essential purchase as we've seen this year.

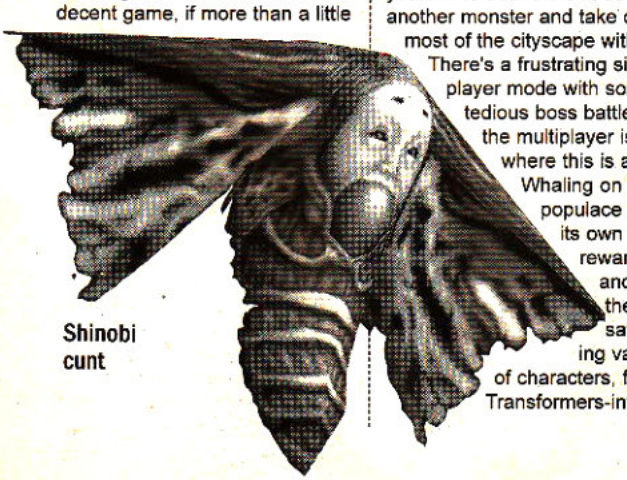


APE ESCAPE 2
(PS2)

Apes get a hard old time of it in the gaming world, whether it's having to fuck thousands of barrels at camp plumbers or, as in this case, avoid the tedious attentions of a baton-wielding maniac. Minus the monkeys, this is just another so-so 3D platformer with sluggish controls, uninspired boss encounters, a glitchy camera and a nasty tendency for unexpected crashes. There's also a useless trinket-collection element where you can watch ape-related ephemera or listen to the nails-on-a-blackboard soundtrack on repeat, but there's probably more aural pleasure to be had waking up in a skip with a tramp pissing in your ear.

SHINOBI
PS2

The original Shinobi was a decent game, if more than a little overrated. It's certainly remembered a little too fondly by twentysomething account managers across the globe, who will obviously be tumescent with excitement at this faithful PS2 release. Sadly, the new Shinobi is reborn as a tired, limp affair. Playing a homosexual ninja matador does have its high points, but being sent back to the start of the level for a simple fall isn't one of them. Some stylish moves become far too repetitive, and the whole deal falls apart among the truly shit pre-playstation environments. Boss encounters are completely ho-hum as well. Satisfying for the first hour or so, this isn't worth more than bargain bin prices.



Shinobi cunt

WAR OF THE MONSTERS
PS2

A simple premise, reminiscent of the classic Rampage! - you, the monster, have taken it upon yourself to beat the shit out of another monster and take out most of the cityscape with you. There's a frustrating single-player mode with some tedious boss battles, but the multiplayer is where this is at. Whaling on the populace brings its own rewards, and there's a satisfying variety of characters, from Transformers-influenced robots to flying insects and aliens. A well-observed 50s B-movie feel rounds off the whole package very nicely. And if the King Kong character dies, you don't feel like your world has ended this time.

MOTO GP2
PS2

Racing games have a tough yardstick at the moment, the Gran Turismo franchise being the most obvious zenith in recent times. Generally if you're into this sort of release, Moto GP2 will have instant appeal, but there's nothing here to get truly excited about. Ultimately the realism isn't there and there's a disappointing lack of white-knuckle speed, which should be the primary focus. You really need to be into motorbikes for Moto GP2. And if you're into motorbikes, chances are you're busy getting killed under a bus somewhere off the Naas Road and not playing this.

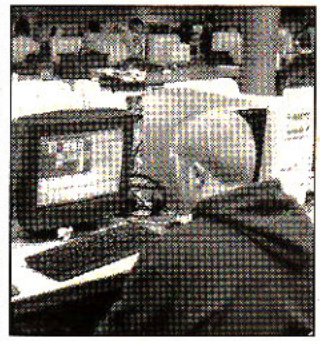
PROJECT ZERO
XBOX

Originally released for the PS2 last year, this is one of those horror survival games, in the Resident Evil mould. You play miniskirted Miku, exploring a mansion in a bid to find her brother. The mansion in question is naturally haunted by all sorts of shitheads. There's a fairly unusual element in that Miku uses a camera both as a weapon and to record clues. This game is all about atmosphere - it looks great and the audio mix is suitably chilling. A dark, plot-driven adventure then, maybe lacking in explosive gaming action but more suited to introspective types who enjoy a tense build-up. Not bad at all.

SPECIAL OLYMPICS
THE GAME

Whenever the real Olympics take place, there is a glut of games to cash in on the event (they usually involve beating on a button 10 times a second and getting RSI as a result.) So what is going with the Special Olympics? The lack of related games is clearly a disgrace and a deliberate affront to everyone in the world with a disability. Write to Michael Martin now and make sure he knows that this is completely unacceptable.

FIGHT THE TRAVELERS
Travelers have a reputation for being harder than the settled community. By the time they're six or so, most of them have apparently been through a year or two of headbutt classes and can swing a piece of metal with the best of them. Over on the British mainland, these folk are called pikeys. Fight them at www.virtuapikey.com



Above: a photo from the exciting MegaLan event which took place recently in the RDS. Nothing like spending six hours setting up a network, then spending your weekend playing solitaire on kit that cost your parents over a grand. 0/10.

Album

Rock / Folk etc

RADIOHEAD
HAIL TO THE THIEF
PARLOPHONE

Although they've had to condition audience expectations since OK Computer, Radiohead have remained one of the most consistently excellent and widely influential bands around. The words 'wilfully perverse' have tagged them like a faithful guard dog, reminding fans that they are 'serious' artists entitled to a bit of leeway. While still streets ahead of the competition (most of whom are still grappling with The Bends), Hail To The Thief finds the band the loosest they've been in some time. Songs like Sail To The Moon, We Suck Young Blood and There, There work brilliantly. Others such as The Gloaming (a tokenistic nod to Kid A) do not. Not another giant leap forward for Radiohead then, but they haven't surrendered to complacency just yet.

DAMIEN DEMPSEY
SEIZE THE DAY
CLEAR

A few years ago, Donaghmede man Dempsey emerged as a grade above most of the singer songwriter rubbish that is so common here. Singing in a strong Dublin accent using colloquialisms distinctive to the city, he stood out from the countless whiners who specialise in generic angsty lyrics and Americanised singing voices. This, his major label debut, unfortunately sees much of Dempsey's strengths swamped in nasty, MOR production, presumably an attempt to pitch him at mainstream listeners. Pompous, grandiose strings ruin both The Ghosts of Overdoses and opening track Negative Vibes. This sanitised feel exposes his often simplistic lyrics - mostly concerned with drugs, drinking and Irish Celtic themes - and occasionally some of the rhyming is very heavy-handed. Nonetheless, Dempsey's guttural pronunciation and assured singing style is still there, and these qualities come to the fore in patches throughout the album, marking him out as a truly individual folk singer on the Dublin scene. For the most part though, Seize The Day lacks the kind of edge which somebody like Dempsey is capable of producing.

GRANDADDY
SUMDAY
V2

Grandaddy have always been one of the lamest of the endless number of Pavement wannabes, but the Californians reach new lows on Sumday. The calculated amateurism of the playing is bad enough, but the ridiculous lyrics (delivered by Jason Lytle in the most irritating fashion) are oblique to the point of making Kristen Hersh seem like Britney Spears. There's not a single good track on it, but especially nauseating are I'm on Standby and Lost on Yer Merry Way (both 'sung' in a cloying nasal whine) and the astonishingly stupid Stray Dog and the Chocolate Shake. Steer well clear of this, it's quite possibly the worst album of the year so far.

JAPE
COSMOSPHERE
VOLTA SOUNDS

Redneck Manifesto bass player Richie Egan (aka Jape) would possibly be a bit embarrassed by the description of him on the press release to this album. He would fucking want to be anyway, because it is an absolute disgrace: "He is an enigma, a star of the underground, a true music junkie kid with gallons of charisma." Thankfully the album, although it's not going to change anyone's life, is not as shameful. Cosmosphere combines decent indie melodies with some Donal Dineen-style inoffensive electronica, for what makes a pleasant few listens. Egan's brilliantly vacant solo live show would seem to suggest that sincerity is not his strong point, and this makes the final song - When You've Lost all Your Looks - all the more baffling. It almost wrecks the whole album with its earnest nonsense. The closing track also sees Egan's voice to the forefront of proceedings - a scenario which makes clear exactly why the Rednecks have two bass players and no vocalist.

TINDERSTICKS
WAITING FOR THE MOON
BEGGARS BANQUET

There are hints here that Tindersticks' future may soon be in question. Stuart Staples occasionally seems trapped in a lyrical straitjacket he ought to have outgrown. And his voice, once the group's trump card, lacks the resonance of old. The band rescue things on Say Goodbye To The City with a glorious racket reminiscent of Radiohead's The National Anthem. On 4.48 Psychosis, the atmospherics are right but the narration is more Jarvis Cocker than John Cale. Nevertheless while only a late brace of songs really hit the mark, Waiting For The Moon contains enough to ensure the likes of Richard Hawley and Kurt Wagner shouldn't get too comfortable yet.

NATACHA ATLAS
SOMETHING DANGEROUS
MANTRA

This is one confused album: although it's credited to Natacha Atlas, the former Transglobal Underground vocalist seems barely present on the disc. Yes, she adds her usual Middle Eastern-styled wailing to all the tracks, but more often than not she's little more than a backing singer for any number of guest vocalists (7 of them, including the nightmarishly inescapable Sinead O'Connor). Furthermore, the album is eclectic to a fault: there are attempts at hip-hop, nu-r'n'b, drum'n'bass, ragga and other styles. Some work, some don't (her cover of James Brown's Man's World is particularly shit), but one's left with the feeling that she's self-consciously trying to be everything to everybody.

GUS GUS
ATTENTION
UNDERWATER

Gus Gus have managed to make an album which is notable only by it's degree of mediocrity - you couldn't ask for more middle of the road dance music. It's not a bad LP, but there's little here that would make you either go out and drop a bag of yokes or head over to Gus Gus' and shoot every one of them. The music hasn't changed too much - there are still traces of Orbital, Herbert and Daft Punk, and new vocalist Earth is an improvement over Hafdis Huld. But in slimming down from a nine-piece to a quartet, Gus Gus appears to have lost a bit of their personality. While everything on the album is perfectly servicable club fodder, too much of it slides past without any leaving any impression.

YAT-KHA
TUVA.ROCK
YAT KHA RECORDINGS

The tiny Asian republic of Tuva is probably best known for its throat-singers, vocalists who have been trained to sing several tones at once. The basic sound is a low growl, but higher harmonics are laid on top, creating a fairly eerie effect. Albert Kuvezin, leader of Yat-Kha, is one of these throat singers, but instead of sticking with traditional Tuvan chants, he and his band have combined their sound with rock music to surprisingly strong effect. With music which reflects their home country's dusty steppes, and Kuvezin's gruff singing, Yat-Kha sounds exactly like an Asian version of Thin White Rope. Which is meant as a compliment; this is a top class album.

HALITE
HEAD ON
WARNER

It's who you know not what you can do that counts on the Irish rock scene. Nonetheless it is interesting to see whether Graham Hopkins has the tunes

to match his 24-carat connections. And, surprisingly, he almost does. Free Fall, in particular could be an outtake from Forever Changes. From a former Therapy drummer that's fucking miraculous. At turns Head On brings to mind anyone from David Kitt to Chris Isaac. At its best it is a rougher-edged, less hammy take on what the Thrills are doing, although it's unlikely to make much of an impression at Slane.

TURN
FORWARD
NURTURE RECORDS

Turn's new album is named after the direction in which they're moving, albeit painfully slowly. Gavin Fox's defection does not seem to have unduly ruffled the group, although it has given the lyrics of In Position (the only song here recycled from last year's E.P. of the same name) a new twist. Another Year Over has the makings of a really decent track until its chorus of - for fuck's sake - "I can't see the wood for the trees" intervenes. In short then, Turn are still lyrically uncommunicative and musically unmemorable. At this rate their best hope is to have the 90s rock thing nailed in time for its inevitable revival in a decade's time.

PERNICE BROTHERS
YOURS, OURS & MINE
INDEPENDENT

On which Joe Pernice, in true alt.country style, pays homage to 80s indie pop. Although it opens with the odd claim that he's "as lonely as the Irish sea" (radioactive obviously didn't fit) it is the sometime Scud Mountain Boy's anglophilia that most informs Yours, Ours & Mine - Sometimes I Remember's debt to The Cure's In Between Days being the most obvious manifestation. Across its ten fleeting tracks are the sketches of several great songs. Only a couple though, like Blinded By The Stars, are actually realised. Bring back the orchestra and the manic depression, we say.

THE FRAMES
SET LIST
PLATEAU

If you are in danger of starting to like any of The Frames albums, then cure yourself by going out to buy this CD now. The fact that their already mediocre music is taken to new depths of shitness should turn you off fairly quickly. But even if that doesn't work, you will quickly be dissuaded by the realisation that - as a Frames fan - you will be joining a circle of sycophantic cunts which even Saddam Hussein would be embarrassed to have around him. Every word that drips off Glen Hansard tongue is greeted with a turgid swoon by the same 450 fans who go to every Frames gig (even if they are playing 4 nights in a row.) Use only for bulimic purposes.

Electronic / Dance

SI BEGG
THE DIRECTOR'S CUT
NOVAMUTE

Leftfield electronica producer Si Begg is one of the last men on earth you'd think would make a track that sounds like Sting. But he has done so, and River, from this latest LP, answers that description for all the worst reasons. Thankfully, his approach is so wildly eclectic on The Director's Cut that you can be assured there are no other tracks on the LP sound like it. Most electronic genres are represented here, though rarely twice, and vocals feature heavily. They work most effectively on the new single Move Up, on garage ditty Buss and also the strutting techno of Body, complete with DJ Rush on the mic. Other efforts are not so successful. England sounds like an out-take from a recent Massive Attack session, and not in a good way, and the aforementioned River would disgrace anybody. Overall, the variety serves to undermine the album as any listener will probably only like two thirds of it, at most.

AUDIO BULLYS
EGO WAR
SOURCE

All you seem to need in dance music at the moment is some decent material and half an idea where you're going and the entire UK dance press will be 'round your house enquiring sweetly if they can suck your cock. Such is the case with Sussex duo Audio Bullys. Seen by many as The Streets Pt 2, Simon Franks and Tom Dinsdale merge a punk disco sound with some miserable English commentary rap, delivered in a comical drone a la that scary motherfucker from Stereo MCs. It generally works well throughout their debut album, Ego War - especially when (as on Snow and I Come To Your House) Simon decides to sing instead of shiteing out of him about birds and geezers. If you ignore the ridiculous hype, you'll find it a chummy little album with no nonsense about it.

THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT
VARIOUS ARTISTS
MIXED BY DJ TAYOR
BODYTONIC MUSIC

Irish house music producers have as good a name for themselves as Mary McAleese has for getting her tits out. But the advent of easily available music-making software has seen much activity from them recently. This compilation, mixed by Meath DJ Trevor O'Shea aims to showcase the latest the Irish deep and underground house scene has to offer. With 22 tracks, there's a wide range of styles, from the jazzy throb of Cork's Fish Go Deep to the jacking tech-house of Belfast's Slide Recordings. But although none of the tracks are bad, very few distinguish themselves as being far above the ordinary. Highlights include Bubba and Scoper's electro-tinged I'm Satisfied and Sifi's Toutes Costes, but if there's an Irish Moodyman or Daft Punk out there, they're keeping their heads low. That said, The Greenhouse Effect deserves credit as the first commercially available snapshot of a scene in its infancy.

CFOUR
CEMENTEX
CFOUR

This is the latest compilation put out by a Dublin-based label showcasing their mostly unknown artists - all the rage these days it seems. With a range that encompasses drum n bass, jazzy hip-hop, rapid breakcore and eerie electronics, cFour could certainly not be accused of lacking ambition. Among the stronger moments are Brian Hatch's Excersize in B Minor, the gabba punch of DMC's Shear Appreciation and Golay's manic opener, Nosy Neighbour. While Sven Anderson is officially a 'sound artist' (obviously a cut above a mere musician), his work is currently at the forefront of experimental music in Dublin, and his minimal piece stands in stark contrast to the material that surrounds it here. Elsewhere there are traces of Ninja Tune (particularly Luke Vibert and his Wagonchrist stuff), the spectre of Squarepusher hangs in the background and there is a nod to Rephlex. While it doesn't detonate everywhere, Cementex is a fine compilation and represents a label worth following.

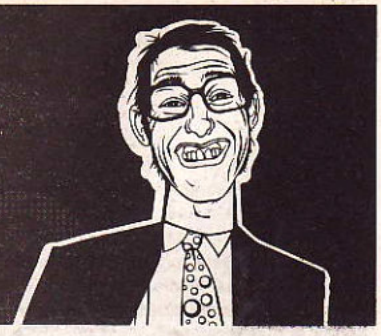
THE CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA
MAN WITH A MOVIE CAMERA
NINJA TUNE

Further evidence of the degeneration of Ninja Tune from music with a sense of humour to complete toss, this album has a premise so deserving of abuse that it possibly marks a new low in an already crowded scene. A reworking of the Cinematic Orchestra's last album Every Day, this is designed as a soundtrack to Dziga Vertov's Man with a Movie Camera. For non-film anoraks, that's a 1929 Russian conceptual piece about peasant life with striking imagery and metaphors and almost no dialogue. In other words it's a pile of unwatcheable shit. The album itself drifts along in an inoffensive jazzy soundtrack vein, lots of emotional strings and atmospheric rhythms, but the idea that any of the tracks would need a hook of any description to catch the listener's attention seems to have been lost on the Orchestra. A thoroughly inessential album that doesn't know who it should appeal to.

BRASSY
GETTIN WISE
WIIJA

This London-based quartet neatly avoids the 'difficult second album' trap with Gettin Wise. Combining hip-hop beats with an indie-rock attack and American-born vocalist Muffin Spencer's sardonic, in-your-face lyrics, the group is very appropriately named. Their most obvious influence is Luscious Jackson, but Brassy have more of a sense of humour, not to mention a far ballsier sound (thanks largely to bassist Karen Frost). There's not a bad song on the album, but the title track, Hit 'em Hard, Turn This Thing Up and Play Some D are particularly good. Worth checking out.

Cinema



RIPLEY'S GAME
DIRECTOR: LILIANA CAVARI
STARRING: RAY WINSTONE, JOHN MALKOVICH

Michael Caine once made the remark - probably between buying a restaurant and lighting up a $6,000 cigar - that he had "a very high standard of living and it takes a very low standard of picture to maintain it". This advice has obviously been taken on board by both John Malkovich and his co-stars in Ripley's Game. It's a silly thriller about one English twat's unwitting descent way out of his depth into organized crime. What's frustrating about it is that every 15 minutes it threatens to start getting good before once again pissing on us with more clichés than a night in the pub with Bill O'Herlihy and Johnny Giles. Malkovich yawns through it without ever flexing his acting muscles while Alastair McGowan appears to be doing a very good impression of Ray Winstone. If you're tempted to see this, remember that you are probably just paying for their new conservatories. Keep your money.

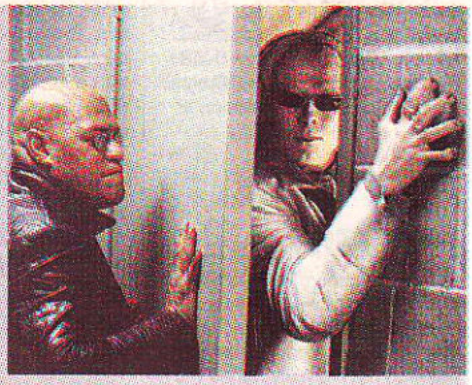
ANGER MANAGEMENT
DIRECTOR: PETER SEAGAL
STARRING: JACK NICHOLSON, ADAM SANDLER

Every now and again, a mainstream comedy comes along that you don't have to approach with the same kind of caution as an angry wasp's nest. Both Nicholson and Sandler are generally known as bankable stars with a tendency to appear in muck films if the price is right. Operating just on the right side of puerile, Anger Management has all the angles covered, and the two of them don't have to rely on their screen presence to carry the whole thing. Sandler (as the man with a temper problem) and Nicholson (as the man who's going to help him with it) emerge as excellent comics and a fine double act, with Nicholson's lechery old walrus trumping Sandler by an inch. Definitely worth seeing.

THE MATRIX RELOADED
DIRECTOR: WACHOWSKI BROTHERS
STARRING: KEANU REEVES, LAURENCE FISHBOURNE, CARRIE-ANNE MOSS

NOBODY REALLY expects a sequel to be as good as the original - all you can hope for is that it won't be a family-sized turkey which brings shame on its parent in the mode of Staying Alive or Flintstones 2. With The Matrix this hope is a dim one seeing as the original is generally regarded as one of the most innovative and stylish sci-fi movies of the last 20 years.

But the Matrix Reloaded is, in fact, much better than you could ever dare to hope. Keanu Reeves is once again Neil Anderson - the Chosen One who has to save the Earth or The Matrix or whatever bullshit is shoring up the special FX. Once again, the film's strong point is not its metaphysical philosophy, but at least this time around it's not abandoned half way through in favour of hi-tech swashbuckling.



Two lads giving each other a luscious sensory workout

As luscious sensory workouts go, this will be hard to beat this year. The CGI masterfully blurs the lines between movie, comic strip, manga cartoon and computer game, and it's that blend which makes the Matrix so unusual. If you can turn your brain off for two hours, you'll be hard pushed to find better legal entertainment.

CRADLE 2 THE GRAVE
DIR: ANDRZEJ BARTOKOWIAK
STARRING: JET LI, DMX

Apparently, "America's gritty hip-hop ethos collides with the poetic intensity of Hong Kong cinema" in this film. In other words, Jet Li and BMX or whatever his name is batter seven shades of shit out of villains in flash white suits. This is all in aid of recovering some priceless 'stones' (as they say in this type of film). For what it is, it's not that bad. The fight scenes are a bit disappointing, because for some reason, Li does all of his with one hand in his pocket, which hampers him a bit. The plot is disgraceful and it must be said, a bit morally dubious. Misgivings aside, it is good to see a big budget Kung Fu movie where no one flies for a change.

Kung Fu dude falling over a cliff

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STILL IN THE CINEMA

DUE TO the ongoing global downturn, none of these were previewed in last month's Slate. You didn't miss much. It's a mortal sin that they made it into a cinema at all, never mind still hanging around like a bunch of knackers outside Centra a month later.

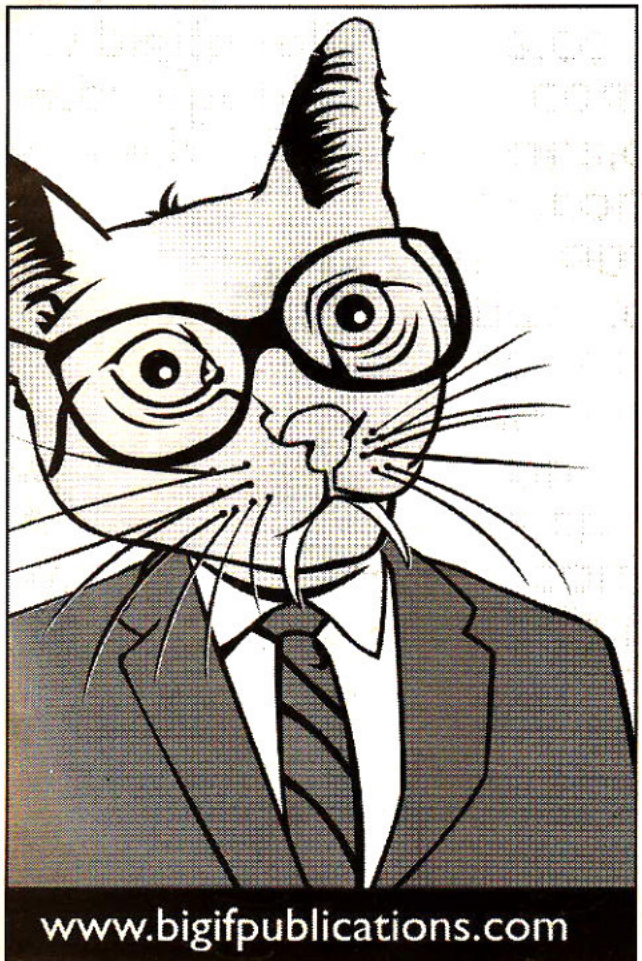
EXTREME OPS is an exploitation film - a concept that laid down and died around 1962. Worse, it's exploiting extreme sports, which means miles and miles of snowboard and ski wank and enough Cowabunga-dude-high-on-life clichés to leave you spastic with embarrassment. Watch out for ex-Eastender Joe Absolom acting the prick with a fake Yank accent. THE TRUTH ABOUT CHARLIE isn't even a real film - it rips off some 60s yoke called Charade. This remake seems to have been devised by two 11 year old boys, a mentalist and Jackie Chan. Seeing as many of the apparently serious scenes remind you of nothing so much as the ridiculous shit in porn films before the 'stars' get down to knocking, it's fairly apt that Mark Wahlberg is the main lead. X-MEN 2 gets off on completely the wrong foot with its audience by trying to update our idea of 'mutants' to include Halle Berry and Anna Paquin. Embarking on a two hour special effects and noise jerk off is not the way to get back on our good side either. Sequels rarely come more mercenary and pointless than this. KANGAROO JACK can just fuck off back to the outback. A comedy based around the mischievous antics of a Kangaroo that's so offensively shit you'll be lucky if the cinema doesn't get burned down by outrage customers.

Kangaroos. Ha Ha.

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

DIRECTOR: ADAM SHANKMAN
STARRING: STEVE MARTIN, QUEEN LATIFAH, EUGENE LEVY

It's really not that hard to make a film that sucks more cock than Graham Norton on Viagra. Take one clapped out, past-his-best comedian (say Steve Martin for instance). Add one of the many hip-hop and rap stars who'd eat their own dog for any role in a Hollywood movie (Queen Latifah). Rack your brains for about three and a half minutes to labour a plot which steals from such lofty sources as Pretty Woman and Driving Miss Daisy. Add a hefty pinch of outrageously dated racial humour, making The Black And White Minstrel Show seem cosmopolitan. Leave to rot and voila, Bringing Down The House. All copybooks in sight are irredeemably blotted. Rent out The Jerk for a fraction of the cost.



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BASIC

DIRECTOR: JOHN MCTIERNAN
STARRING: JOHN TRAVOLTA, SAMUEL L JACKSTON

John Travolta's had rotten luck with films recently, so maybe he thought that reuniting with Samuel Jackson (in what is basically a rehash of Navy Seals) would land his fat hole back on the gravy train. However, it looks like he's got it wrong again. This film trundles along nicely until the last half hour, when a baffling curveball is thrown at you, the kind that's fashionable at the moment to liven up a typical Hollywood turd. Then another one. Then one for the road. No one likes being made feel like an idiot three times in the one sitting. Terrible stuff, and it must be concluded that Travolta's gut instinct for films has been shipped out to make room for more burgers. Basic? Basically shit. Ha ha.

DIRTY DEEDS

DIRECTOR: DAVID CAESAR
STARRING: BRYAN BROWN, TONI COLLETTE, JOHN GOODMAN

Barry Byran - the main man in Dirty Deeds - is the dude from every Australian film ever. He looks way too much like Michael Caine for his own good and was last seen playing this exact role - a bad tempered crim - four years ago in Two Hands. This time it's Sydney in the late 60s, he runs the slot machine racket and he's got problems. For a start, he's married to Muriel from Muriel's Wedding. A turf war is being whipped up on his patch and two Mafia lads are on their way over from America to sell him their latest swinging mickey slot machine whether he wants it or not. Trouble naturally ensues. This is a likeable film - no great shards of wit or scenes that will stay with you forever but enough style and fun to see it become a Channel 4 favourite.

THE HOT CHICK

DIRECTOR: TOM BRADY
STARRING: ROB SCHNEIDER, RACHEL MCADAMS

There must be some unsavoury crevices left in the world where the notion of a man in a dress still has them rolling in the aisles, otherwise nobody would have bothered making this pissbag of a film. You may not be expecting Some Like It Hot when you sit down to The Hot Chick but you would expect a few laughs out of it. Sadly, you'd generate more laughs for yourself by covering your genitals in sugar and sleeping on an ants' nest. When Rob Schneider gets trapped in the body of high school wagon Rachel McAdams and vice versa, he (in her body) sensibly goes off and gets a job as a stripper. She gets the raw deal as she's now a pug ugly bloke. The rest of the film revolves around how funny this is. Shameful.

So sexy Scenes from The Hot Chick